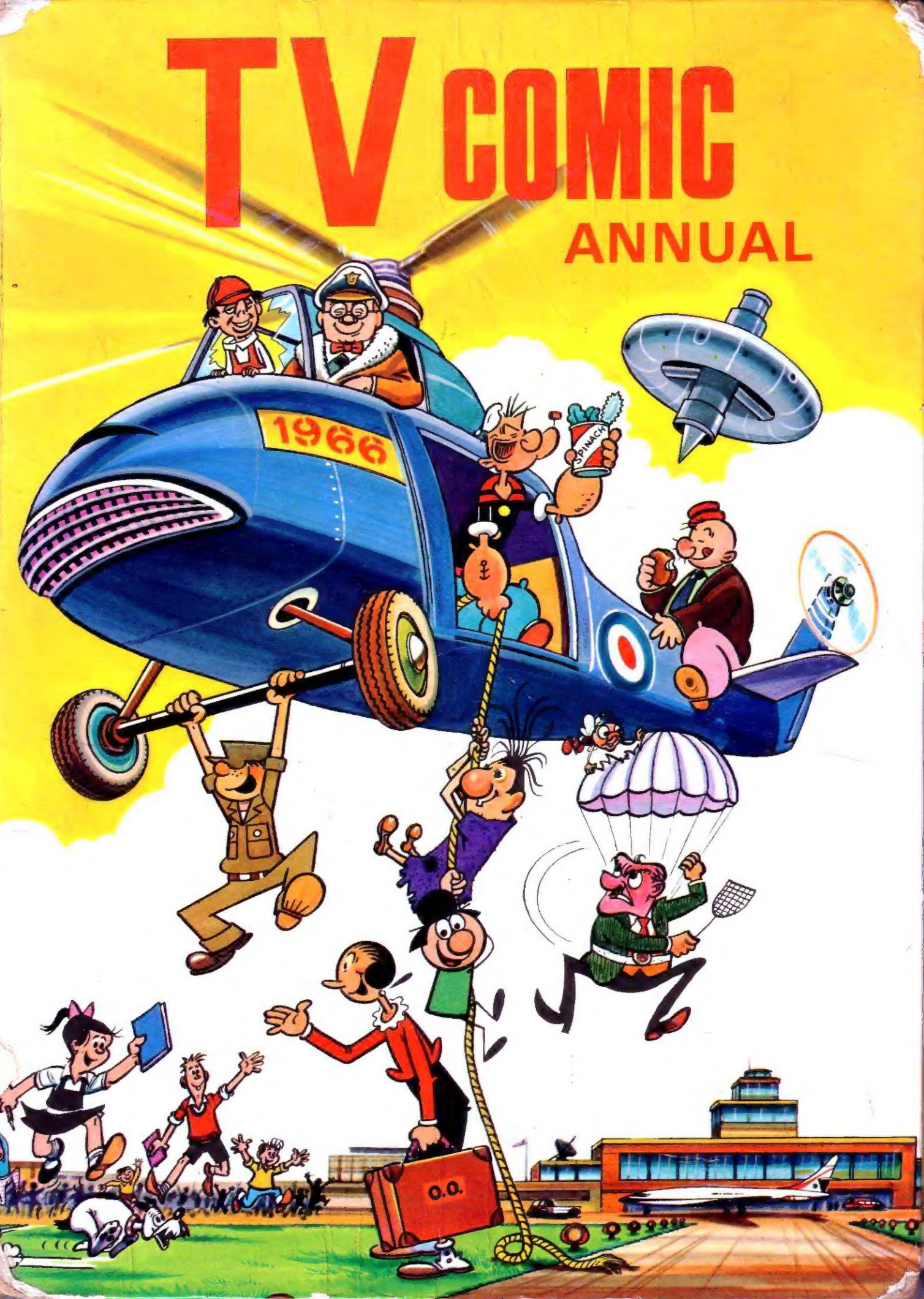
TV COMIC ANNUAL



ER JET SPACE
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TV Comic Annual

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Over one hundred picture packed pages

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9/6D

POPEYE
HERE'S WHERE I HAVE SOME FUN! HAW! HAW! HAW!
HI, POPEYE! I DON'T LIKE YOUR PAINTING VERY MUCH!
HUH!
IT NEEDS MORE PUNCH! LIKE THIS...
SMASH
WHAT THE?
HAPPY PAINTING, POPEYE! I'VE HAD MY KICKS!
RAGE
DON'T WORRY, FOLKS! I'LL FIX THAT BRUTUS WITH MY CLEVER PLAN!
AH-HA! SO HE'S DOING IT AGAIN, EH!
HI, POPEYE! WHAT A DREADFUL PAINTING! IT STILL NEEDS LOADS OF PUNCH!
HE
HEE
HE
WHAT THE?
THUMP
YEOW!
WELL, BRUTUS GOT HIS KICKS AFTER ALL!

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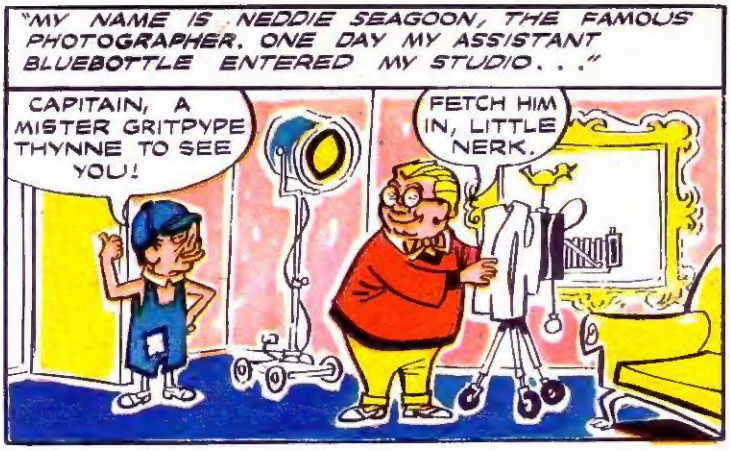
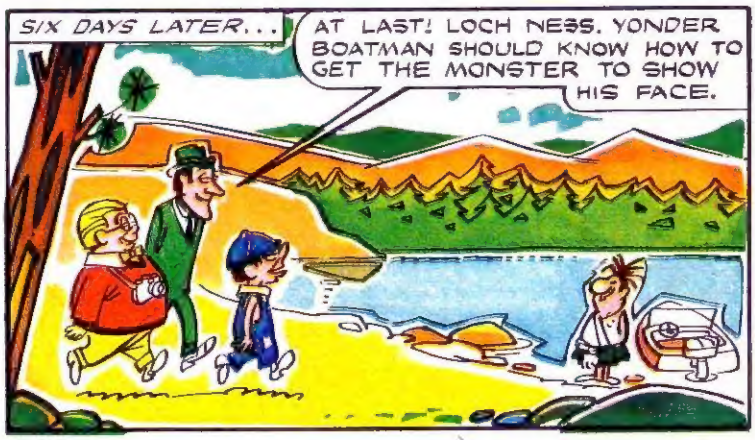
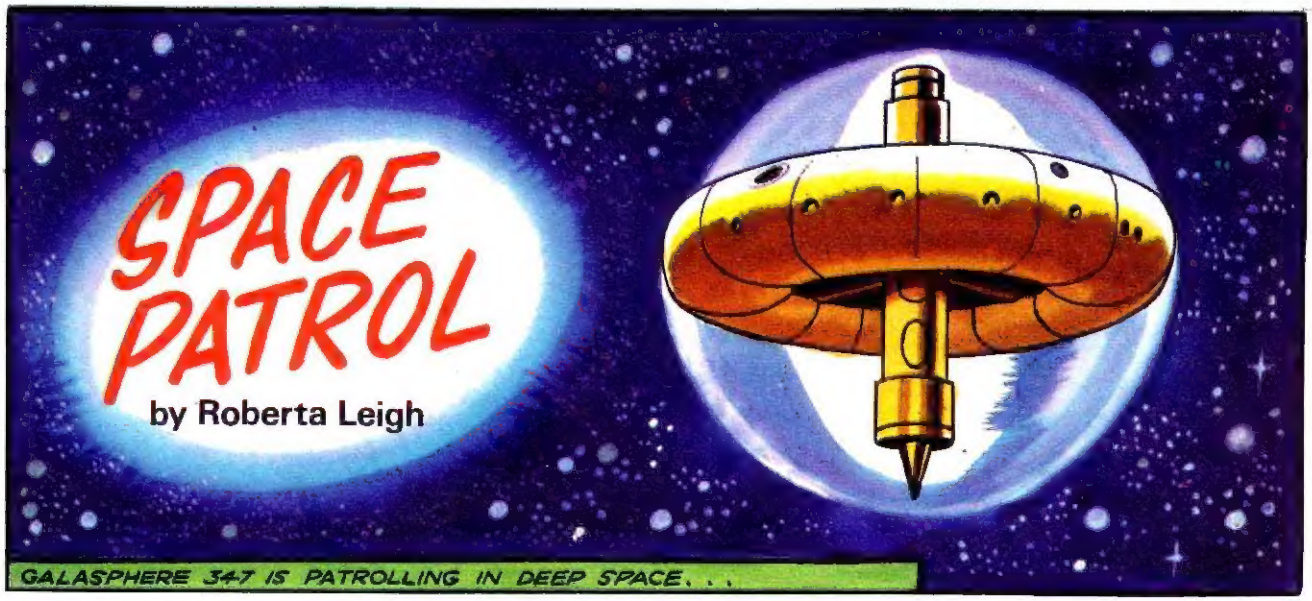
THE TELEGOONS

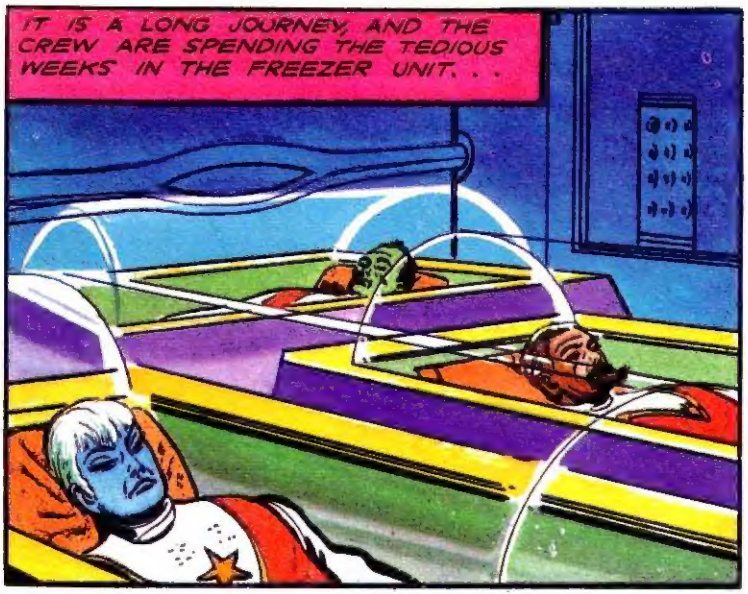

"MY NAME IS NEDDIE SEAGOON, THE FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER. ONE DAY MY ASSISTANT BLUEBOTTLE ENTERED MY STUDIO..."
CAPTAIN, A MISTER GRITPYPE THYNNE TO SEE YOU!
FETCH HIM IN, LITTLE NERK.

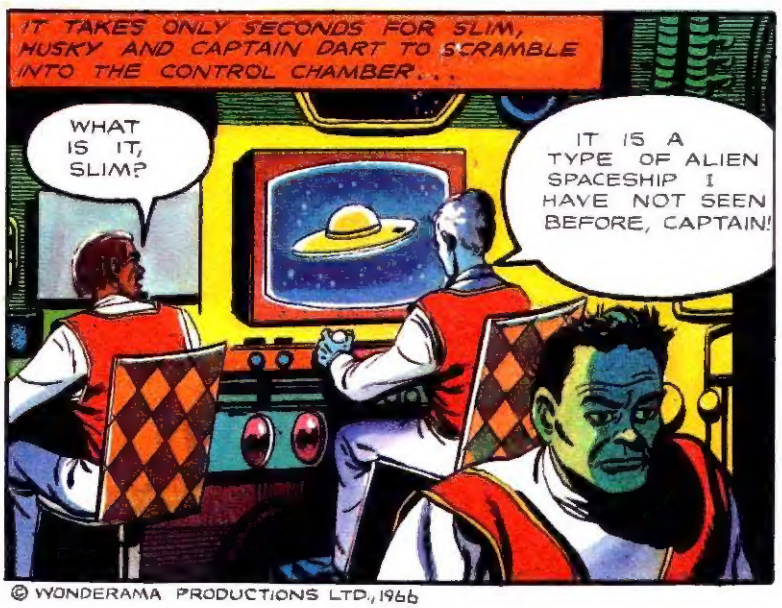
I WANT TO MAKE MY FORTUNE BY PROVING THE EXISTENCE OF THE LOCH NESS MONSTER. IF YOU CAN GET SOME PICTURES OF IT I'LL GIVE YOU £100 IN GENUINE £5 NOTES.



NOW WHAT CAN WE USE FOR BAIT?
HEM... BLUEBOTTLE, WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO WATER SKI-ING?
SO...
THIS IS FUN!
ECCLES SKILFULLY TURNS THE BOAT, AND...
GET THOSE PICTURES, NEDDIE.
CLICK! CLICK!
BUT SUDDENLY...
NEE-HEE! YOU ROTTEN LOT YOU- YOU'RE USING ME FOR MONSTER'S GRUB!
SNAP!
SNAP!
CLONK!
SO...
SUCCESS! I GOT SOME SUPER COLOUR SHOTS OF THE MONSTER!
ER... NOT COLOUR SHOTS, MY CAPITAIN!
YOU MEAN YOU ONLY PUT BLACK AND WHITE FILM IN THE CAMERA, MY LITTLE PHOTOGRAPHIC PHRIEND?
I... ER... FORGOT TO PUT ANY FILM IN THE CAMERA!
YOU WHAT?
LATER...
COOEEE! NICE MONSTER! DINNER'S READY!
I DON'T LIKE THIS GAME!






IT TAKES ONLY SECONDS FOR SLIM, HUSKY AND CAPTAIN DART TO SCRAMBLE INTO THE CONTROL CHAMBER. . .
WHAT IS IT, SLIM?
IT IS A TYPE OF ALIEN SPACESHIP I HAVE NOT SEEN BEFORE, CAPTAIN!

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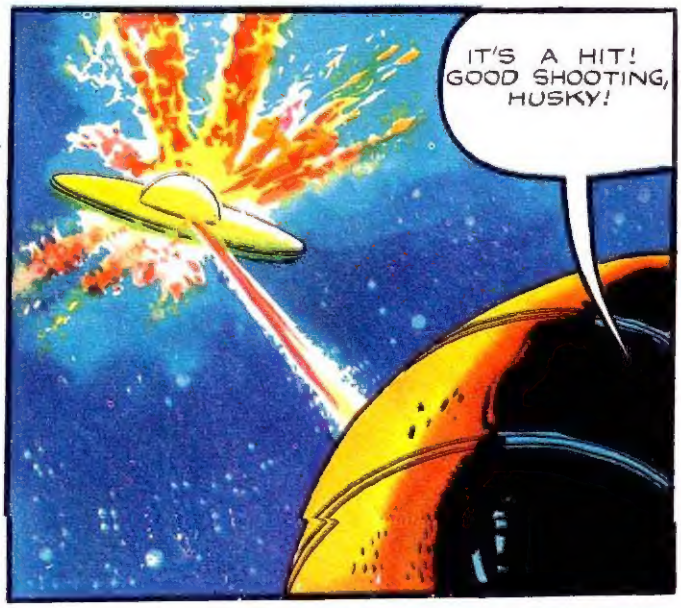
MORE MISSILES COMING!
TAKE EVASIVE ACTION!

A NEAR MISS! THEY WILL SCORE A HIT SOON!
WE MUST NOT GIVE THEM THE CHANCE... FIRE ONE OF OUR OWN MISSILES, HUSKY!


IT'S A HIT! GOOD SHOOTING, HUSKY!

WE HAVE STOPPED THE OTHER SHIP... AND IT IS ON FIRE TOO!
LET'S GO OUTSIDE AND SEE WHO THEY ARE...WE'LL TAKE SOME FIRE-FIGHTING GEAR WITH US!

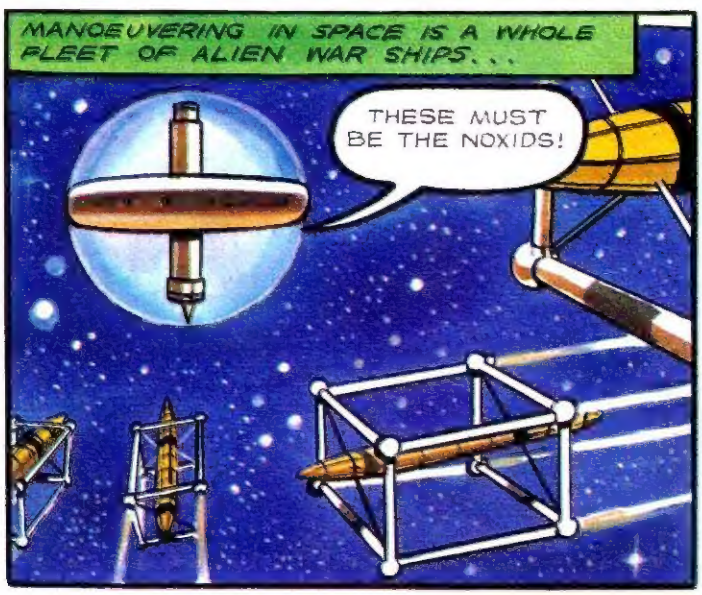
THE FLAMES DIE SLOWLY, AND CAPTAIN DART FINDS HIS WAY INSIDE THE ALIEN SHIP AND BATTLES WITH THE LAST OF THE FIRES IN ITS STRANGE, PIPE-LACED CORRIDORS...
THIS IS THE END OF THE FIRE...CAN YOU SEE ANY OF THE OCCUPANTS?
I THINK SOMETHING'S COMING NOW!

AND TO DART'S SURPRISE A HOVERING PLATFORM APPEARS, BEARING THREE LITTLE MEN...
WE THANK YOU FOR KILLING THE FIRES. WE NOW RECOGNISE YOU AS EARTHMEN WHOM WE HAVE OBSERVED AND ADMIRED FROM OUR OWN PLANET FOR MANY YEARS!
AND LEARNED ENGLISH TOO!

WE REGRET OUR ATTACK ON YOU. WE ARE FROM THE PLANET SPECTROS, AND ARE IN THE MIDST OF A WAR WITH THE NOXIDS. WE THOUGHT YOUR GALASPHERE WAS A NEW TYPE OF NOXID SHIP INVADING OUR SKIES!

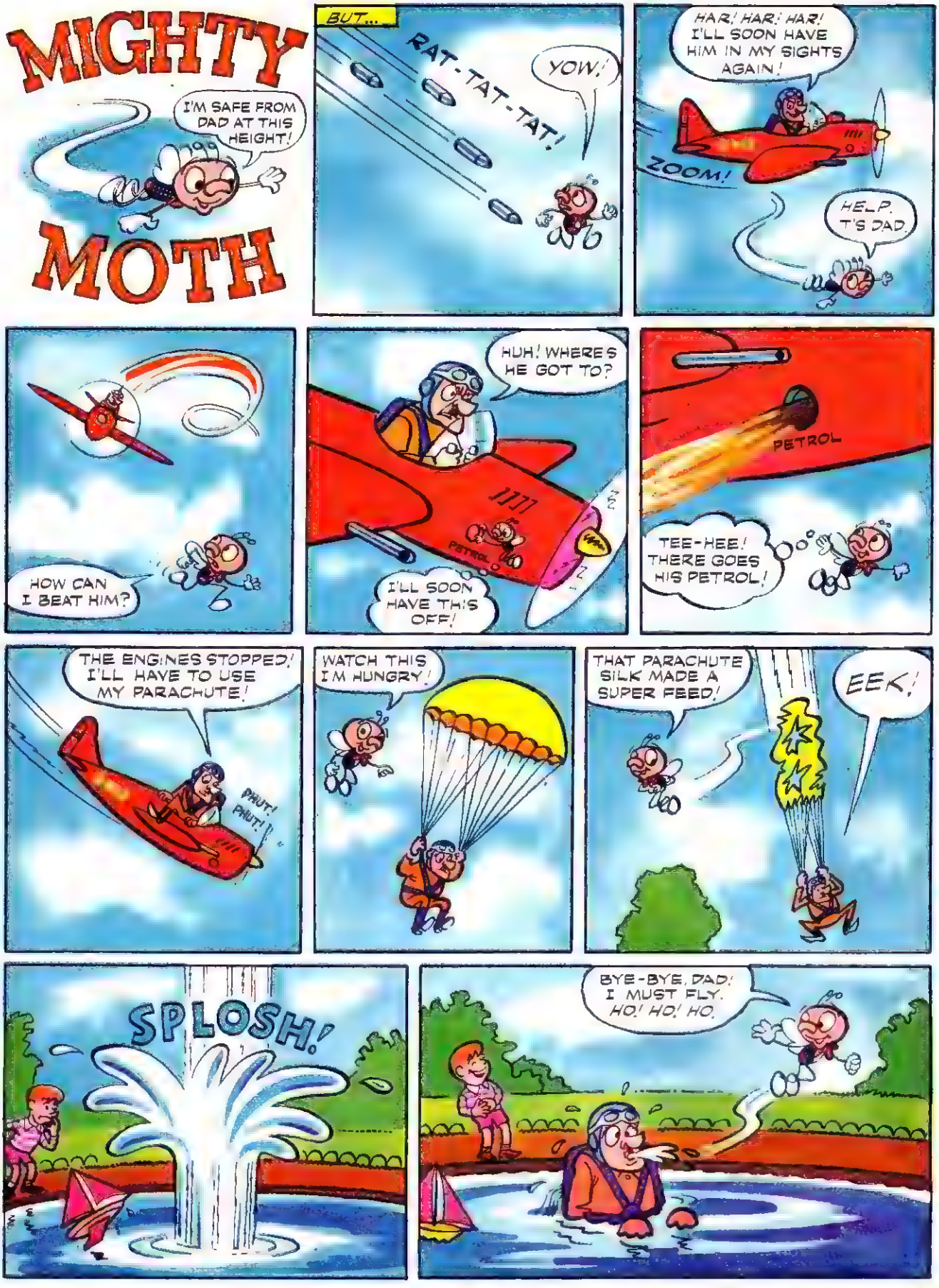
CAPTAIN DART ACCEPTS THE APOLOGIES OF THE LITTLE SPECTRONS AND THE GALASPHERE CONTINUES ITS LONG JOURNEY...

BUT A SHORT WHILE LATER...
CAPTAIN DART! WE ARE UNDER ATTACK AGAIN!

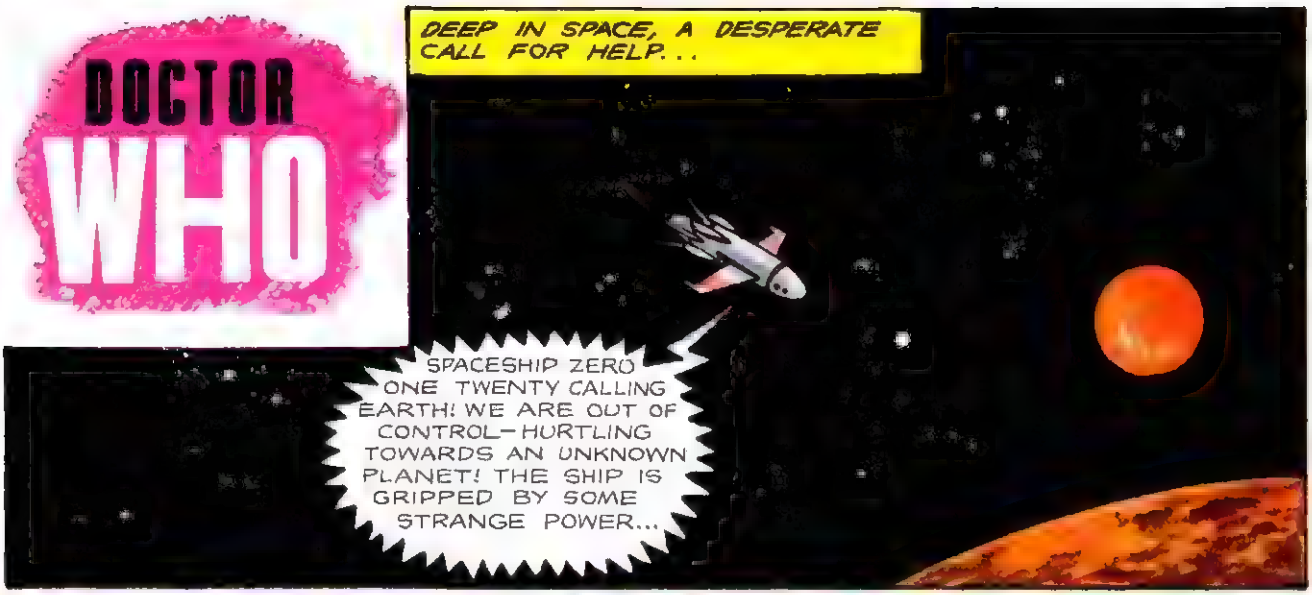

MANOEUVERING IN SPACE IS A WHOLE FLEET OF ALIEN WAR SHIPS...
THESE MUST BE THE NOXIDS!

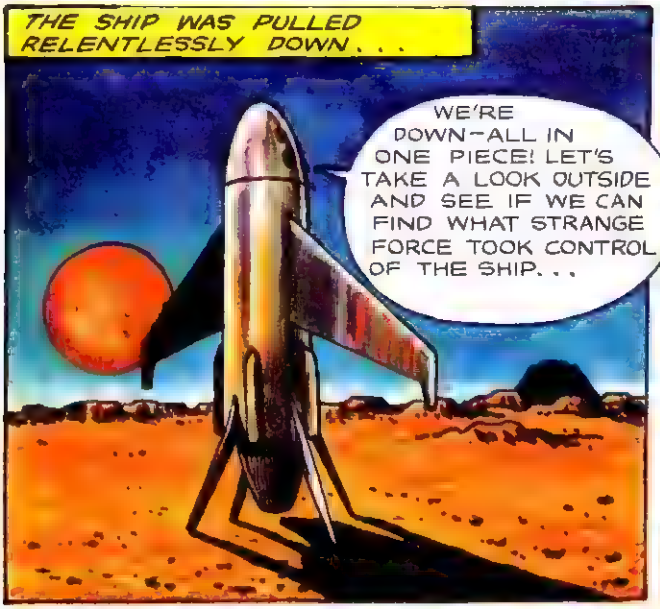
BUT ABOARD THE NOXID FLAGSHIP...
THEY FIRE SIGNAL ROCKETS AND SEEK TO ESCAPE! THESE ARE NOT OUR ENEMIES THE SPECTRONS!
THEY ARE NOT OUR FRIENDS EITHER. IN WAR WE MUST BE RUTHLESS... KEEP FIRING!

A HIT IS SCORED. . .
THAT LAST HIT KNOCKED OUT OUR MISSILE FIRING CIRCUITS! WE'RE NOW DEFENCELESS!
THEY'RE CLOSING IN FOR THE KILL! WE ARE OUTNUMBERED TEN TO ONE!
CAPTAIN DART... LOOK AT THIS!
UNEXPECTED HELP HAS ARRIVED. . .
IT'S A SPECTRON SPACE FLOTILLA, AND THEY ARE CERTAINLY HAMMERING THE NOXIDS!
THEY ARE REWARDING US FOR THE KINDNESS AND MERCY WE SHOWED THEM WHEN WE HAD ONE OF THEIR SHIPS BEATEN!
THEY CAME JUST IN TIME!
AND WITH THE ENEMY DISPERSED AND DESTROYED, THE SPECTRONS SWOOP PAST THE GALASPHERE IN SALUTE, AS THOUGH TO SAY. . .
. . .ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.


MIGHTY MOTH
I'M SAFE FROM DAD AT THIS HEIGHT!
BUT...
RAT-TAT-TAT!
YOW!
HAR! HAR! HAR! I'LL SOON HAVE HIM IN MY SIGHTS AGAIN!
ZOOM!
HELP. IT'S DAD.
HOW CAN I BEAT HIM?
HUH! WHERE'S HE GOT TO?
PETROL
I'LL SOON HAVE THIS OFF!
PETROL
TEE-HEE! THERE GOES HIS PETROL!
THE ENGINES STOPPED! I'LL HAVE TO USE MY PARACHUTE!
PHUT! PHUT!
WATCH THIS I'M HUNGRY!
THAT PARACHUTE SILK MADE A SUPER FEED!
EEK!
SPLOSH!
BYE-BYE, DAD! I MUST FLY. HO! HO! HO.

DOCTOR WHO

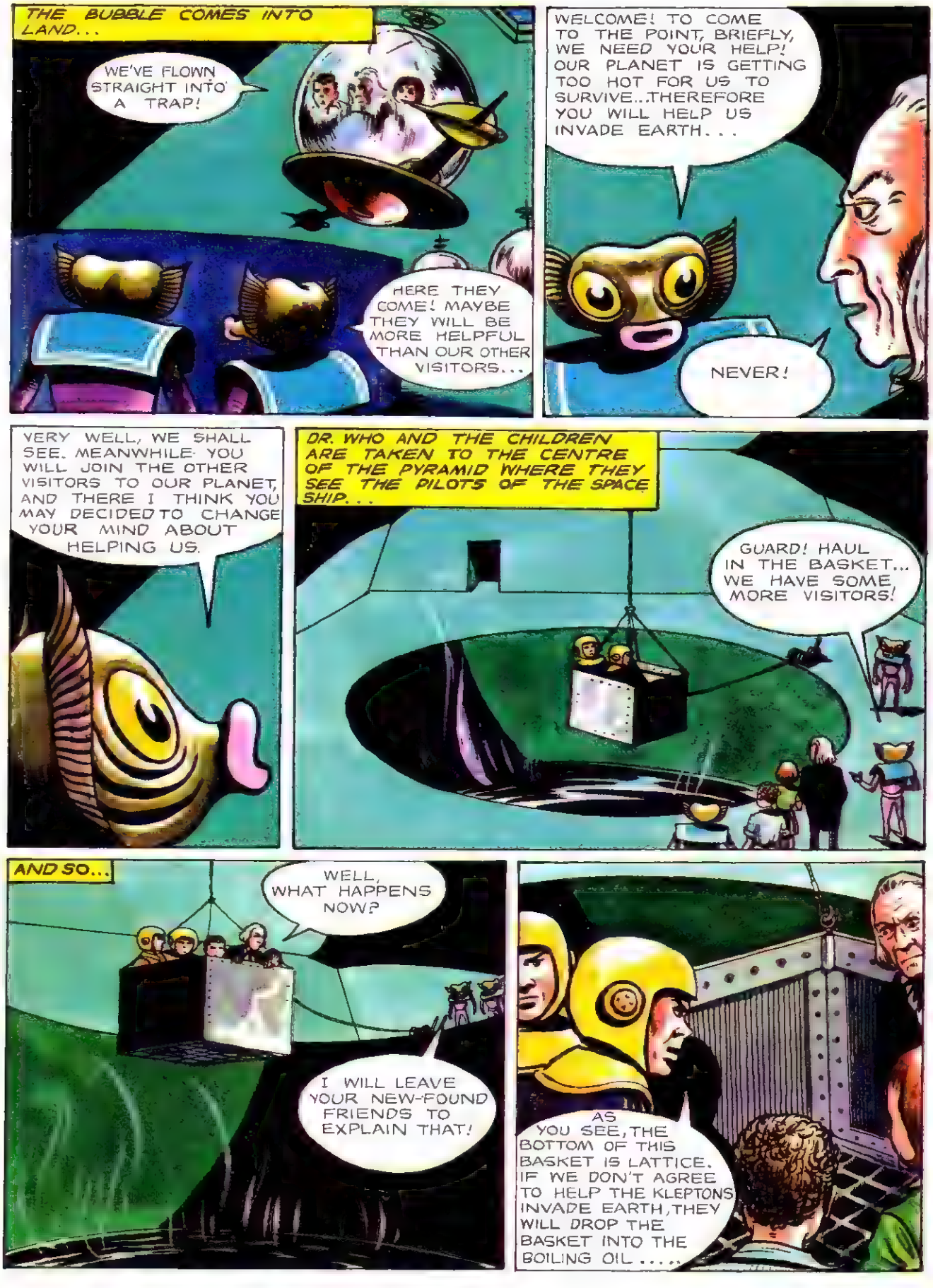

DEEP IN SPACE, A DESPERATE CALL FOR HELP...
SPACESHIP ZERO ONE TWENTY CALLING EARTH! WE ARE OUT OF CONTROL—HURTLING TOWARDS AN UNKNOWN PLANET! THE SHIP IS GRIPPED BY SOME STRANGE POWER...


THE SHIP WAS PULLED RELENTLESSLY DOWN...
WE'RE DOWN—ALL IN ONE PIECE! LET'S TAKE A LOOK OUTSIDE AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND WHAT STRANGE FORCE TOOK CONTROL OF THE SHIP...

MEANWHILE, HURTLING THROUGH TIME AND SPACE IS THE TARDIS, CARRYING DOCTOR WHO, JOHN AND GILLIAN...
STAND BY... WE HAVE ARRIVED SOMEWHERE!

© BBC tv 1966

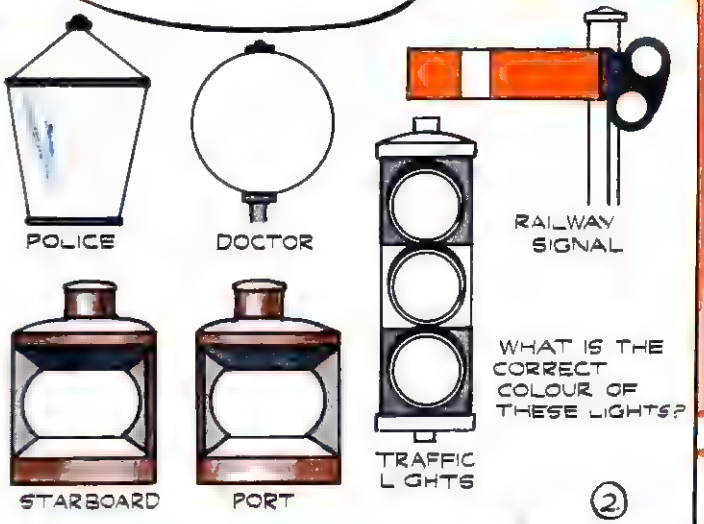
THE SHIP'S DESERTED-ALL I FOUND WAS THIS FLARE GUN! IT MIGHT COME IN HANDY IF WE MEET TROUBLE!
WE'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND-SEE IF WE CAN FIND OUT WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE SPACE TRAVELLERS...
THE PEOPLE OF THIS PLANET PROBABLY LIVE INSIDE THAT GREAT PYRAMID! IT'S FAR TOO HOT TO EXIST ON THE SURFACE...
AND LOOK-SOMETHING'S FLYING OUT OF THE TOP OF IT!
AMAZING! IT'S A KLEPTON-ONE OF THE MONSTERS WE MET AND DEFEATED IN A DIFFERENT MOMENT IN TIME. HE'S SPOTTED US, TRY YOUR GUN ON HIM, JOHN!
THE FLARE CRACKS THE BUBBLE'S DOME AND SENDS IT WILDLY OUT OF CONTROL...
EXCELLENT SHOOTING, MY BOY! IF THE BUBBLE STILL WORKS WE'LL USE IT TO TRY TO GET INSIDE THE KLEPTONS' CITY!
LEAVING THE DAZED KLEPTON BEHIND, DR. WHO AND THE CHILDREN CLIMB INTO THE BUBBLE MACHINE AND FLY TOWARDS THE PYRAMID...
GOOD JOB I CAN REMEMBER HOW TO STEER THESE MACHINES!
GRANDFATHER-THE HATCH IS OPENING AGAIN! WE'RE GOING INSIDE!
BUT INSIDE THE PYRAMID...
STRANGERS HAVE TAKEN CONTROL OF A FLYING MACHINE! CALL OUT THE GUARDS-ARREST THEM INSTANTLY.


THE BUBBLE COMES INTO LAND...
WE'VE FLOWN STRAIGHT INTO A TRAP!
HERE THEY COME! MAYBE THEY WILL BE MORE HELPFUL THAN OUR OTHER VISITORS...
WELCOME! TO COME TO THE POINT, BRIEFLY, WE NEED YOUR HELP! OUR PLANET IS GETTING TOO HOT FOR US TO SURVIVE...THEREFORE YOU WILL HELP US INVADE EARTH...
NEVER!
VERY WELL, WE SHALL SEE. MEANWHILE YOU WILL JOIN THE OTHER VISITORS TO OUR PLANET, AND THERE I THINK YOU MAY DECIDED TO CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT HELPING US.
DR. WHO AND THE CHILDREN ARE TAKEN TO THE CENTRE OF THE PYRAMID WHERE THEY SEE THE PILOTS OF THE SPACE SHIP...
GUARD! HAUL IN THE BASKET... WE HAVE SOME MORE VISITORS!
AND SO...
WELL, WHAT HAPPENS NOW?
I WILL LEAVE YOUR NEW-FOUND FRIENDS TO EXPLAIN THAT!
AS YOU SEE, THE BOTTOM OF THIS BASKET IS LATTICE. IF WE DON'T AGREE TO HELP THE KLEPTONS INVADE EARTH, THEY WILL DROP THE BASKET INTO THE BOILING OIL....

I'VE GOT AN IDEA! I'M GOING TO MAKE A SMOKE SCREEN BY FIRING MY FLARE PISTOL AT THE BOILING OIL BELOW THE GUARDS! BE READY TO PULL IN THE BASKET AND RUN FOR THE EXIT...
THEN...
BY JOVE, JOHN MY BOY, IT WORKED, NOW, QUICK...PULL AWAY AND GRAB A COUPLE OF MACHINES! EVERY SECOND COUNTS!
A MOMENT LATER...
GOOD—THE HATCH OPENED! IT MUST WORK BY REMOTE CONTROL...NOW HEAD FOR OUR SHIPS BEFORE THE KLEPTONS CAN CATCH US!
THEY REACH THE SPACESHIP, THEN...
AH! OUR FRIENDS HAVE MANAGED TO TAKE OFF. WE CAUGHT THE KLEPTONS NAPPING—THEY MUST HAVE SWITCHED OFF THEIR MAGNETIC BEAM AND NO LONGER CONTROL THE SPACESHIP!
MAKE FOR THE TARDIS—HERE COME THE KLEPTONS!
A MOMENT LATER THE TARDIS WITH ITS SPACE TRAVELLERS DEPARTS...
THEY HAVE GONE—DISAPPEARED! WE'RE TOO LATE!
AND INSIDE THE TARDIS...
PHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE THING! LET'S HOPE THE TARDIS ARRIVES IN A MORE FRIENDLY PLACE NEXT TIME!

TV TERRORS teasers

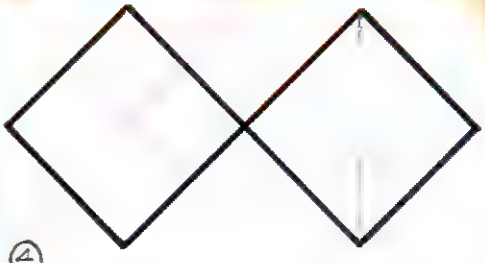
1. CAN YOU PAIR THESE WITH THE FOOTPRINTS?



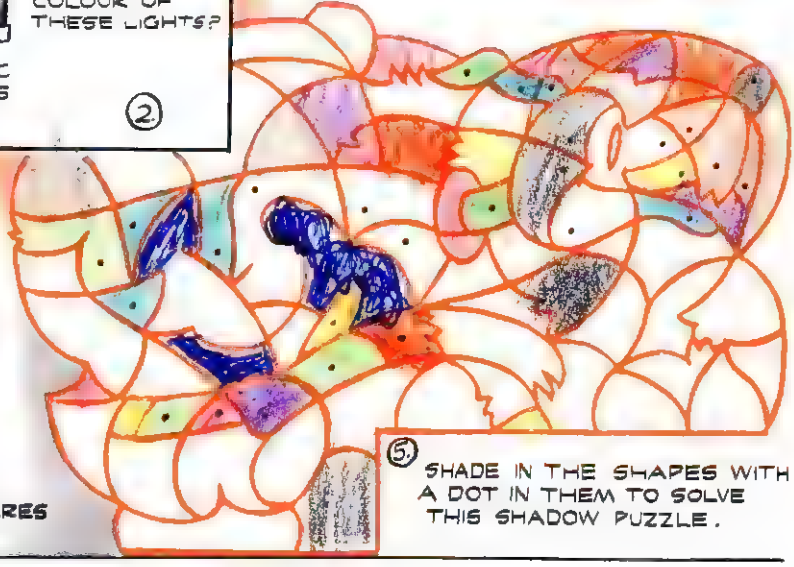
WHAT IS THE CORRECT COLOUR OF THESE LIGHTS?

2.

3. ASK YOUR FRIENDS HOW MANY PENNIES THEY CAN STAND IN A METAL BOTTLE TOP. IT IS UNLIKELY ANY OF THEM WILL KNOW.



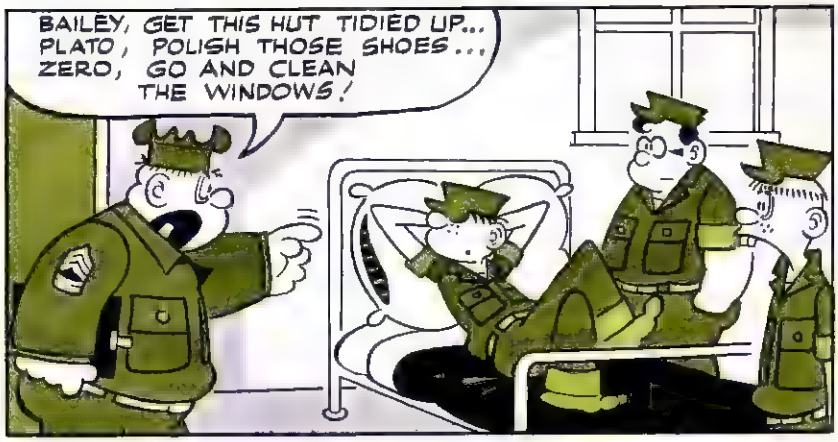
4. BY ADDING FOUR STRAIGHT LINES TO THIS SHAPE MAKE TEN SQUARES

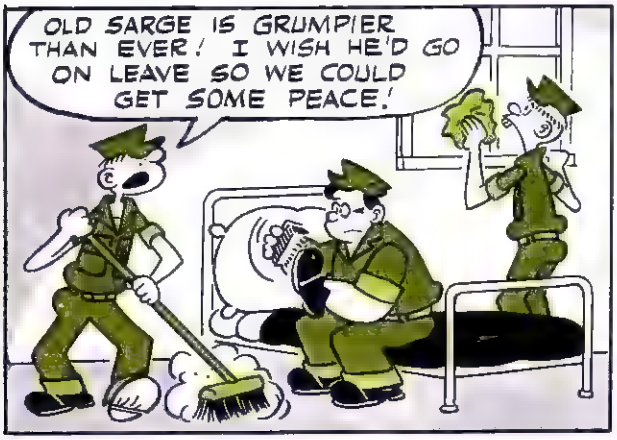


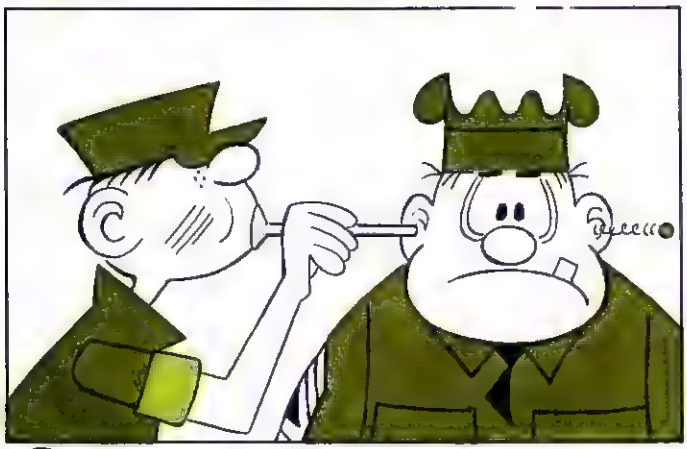
5. SHADE IN THE SHAPES WITH A DOT IN THEM TO SOLVE THIS SHADOW PUZZLE.

ANSWERS:- Nº1. SQUIRREL - B. DOG - D. DUCK - C. ROBIN - A. PIG - E.
Nº2. POLICE - BLUE. DOCTOR - RED. RAILWAY SIGNAL. RED TOP GREEN BELOW. STARBOARD - GREEN. PORT - RED. TRAFFIC LIGHTS RED. AT TOP THEN AMBER AND GREEN.
Nº3. FOURTEEN PENNIES. Nº4. Nº5 SPOT.

BEETLE BAILEY







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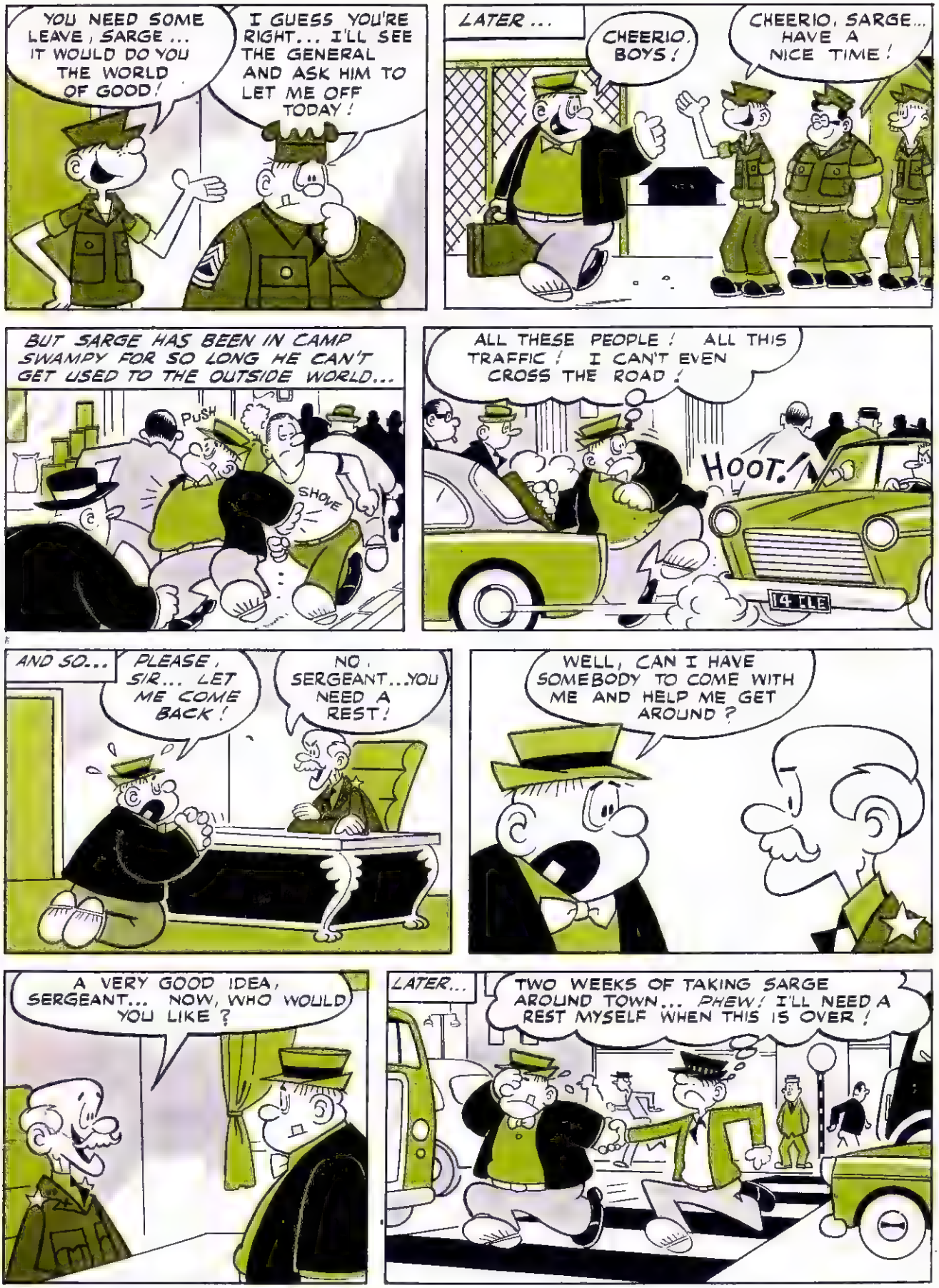
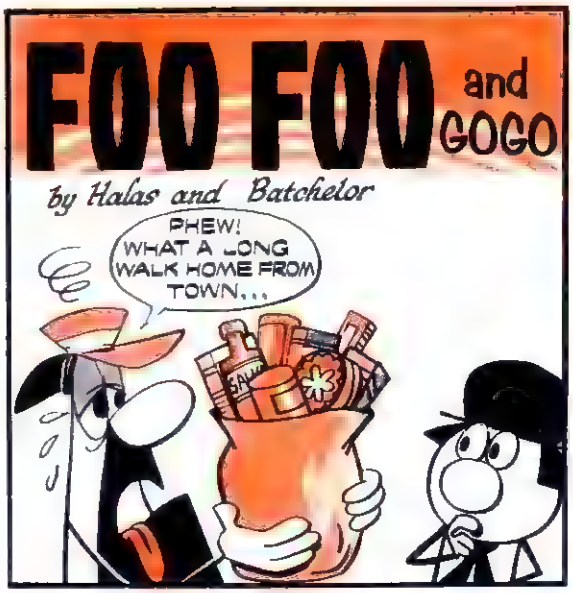
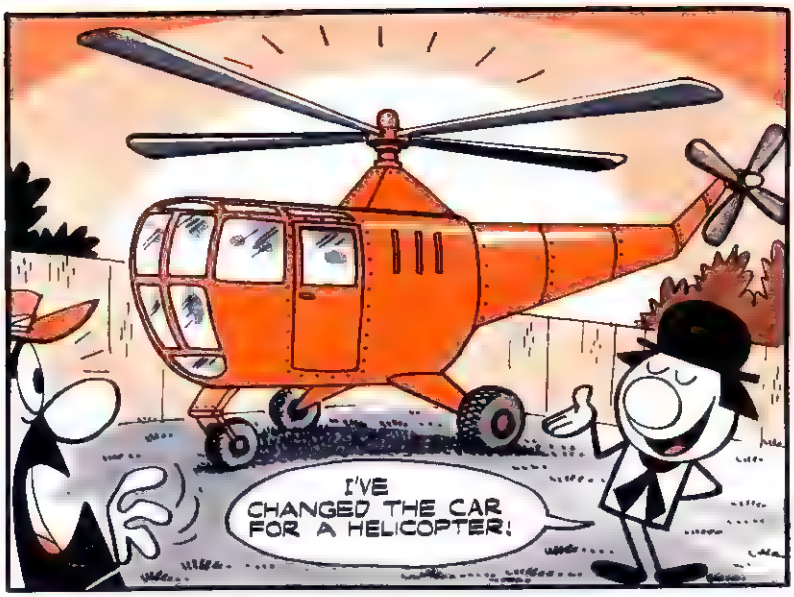
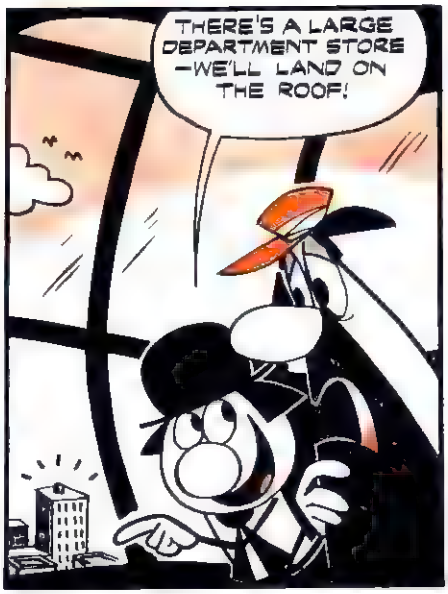

YOU NEED SOME LEAVE, SARGE... IT WOULD DO YOU THE WORLD OF GOOD!
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT... I'LL SEE THE GENERAL AND ASK HIM TO LET ME OFF TODAY!
LATER...
CHEERIO, BOYS!
CHEERIO, SARGE... HAVE A NICE TIME!
BUT SARGE HAS BEEN IN CAMP SWAMPY FOR SO LONG HE CAN'T GET USED TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD...
PUSH
SHOVE
ALL THESE PEOPLE! ALL THIS TRAFFIC! I CAN'T EVEN CROSS THE ROAD!
HOOT!
AND SO...
PLEASE, SIR... LET ME COME BACK!
NO, SERGEANT...YOU NEED A REST!
WELL, CAN I HAVE SOMEBODY TO COME WITH ME AND HELP ME GET AROUND?
A VERY GOOD IDEA, SERGEANT... NOW, WHO WOULD YOU LIKE?
LATER...
TWO WEEKS OF TAKING SARGE AROUND TOWN... PHEW! I'LL NEED A REST MYSELF WHEN THIS IS OVER!

FOO FOO and GOGO

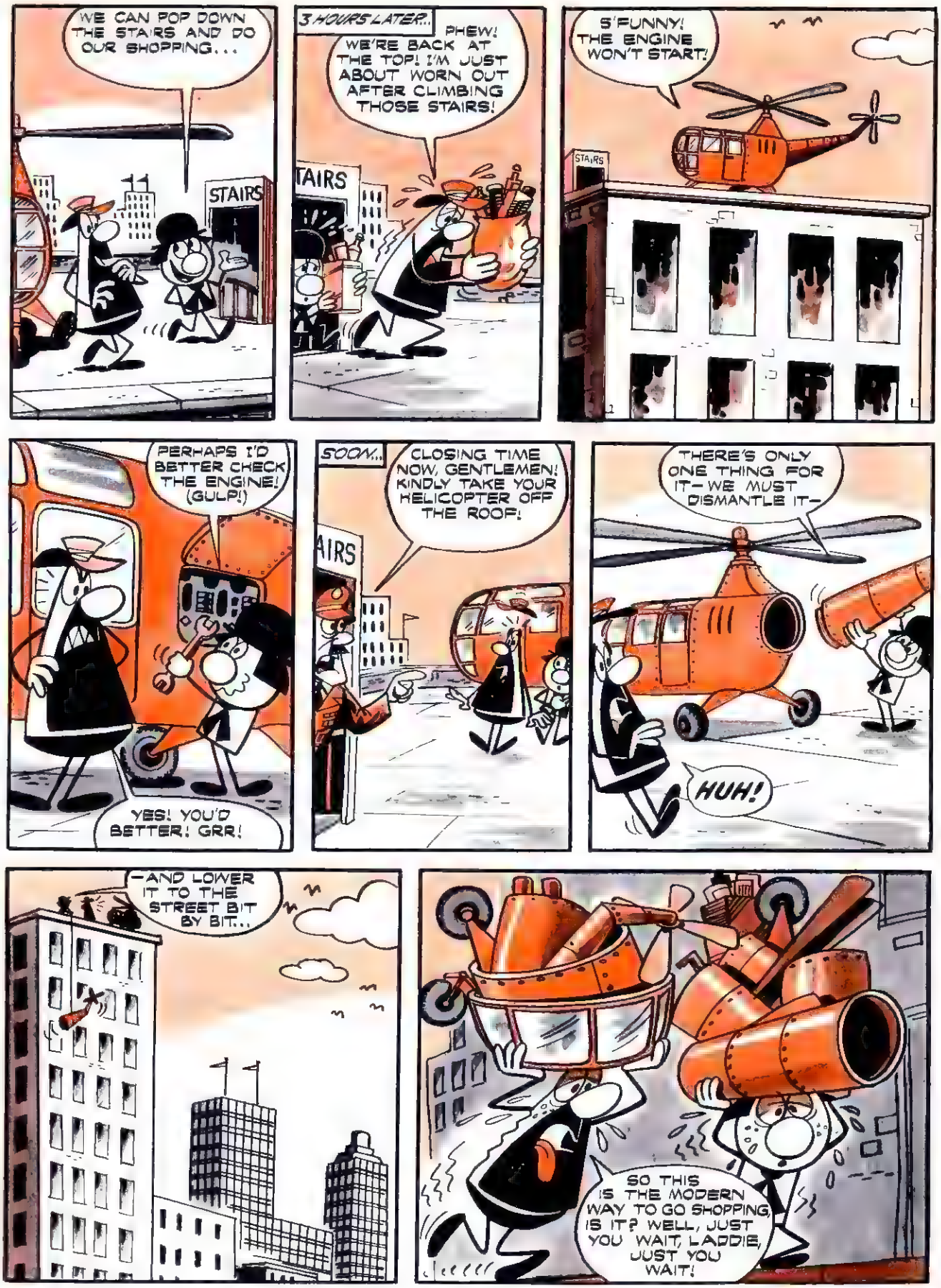
by Halas and Batchelor

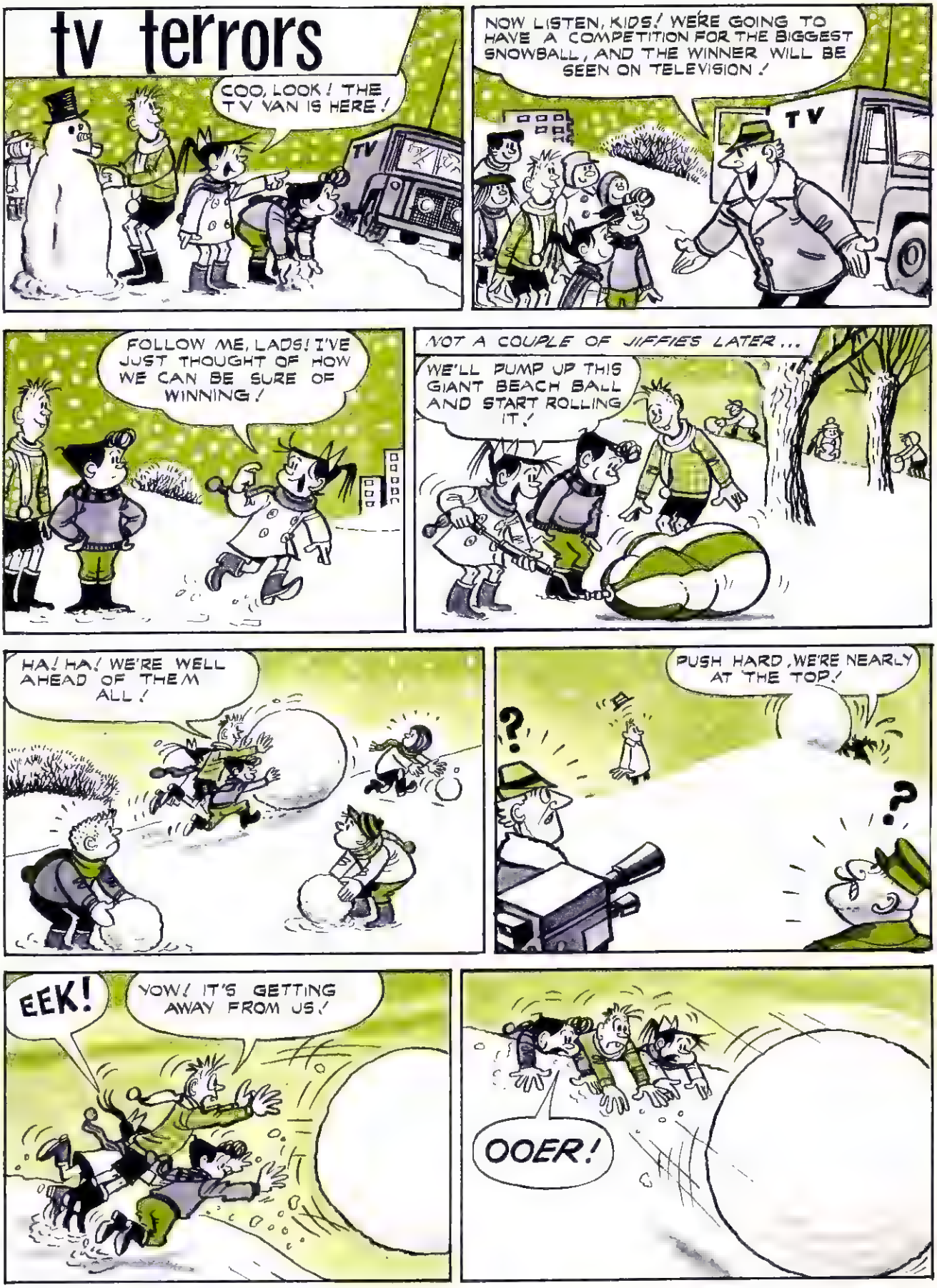






ADAPTED FROM ABC TELEVISION'S SERIES "FOO FOO"

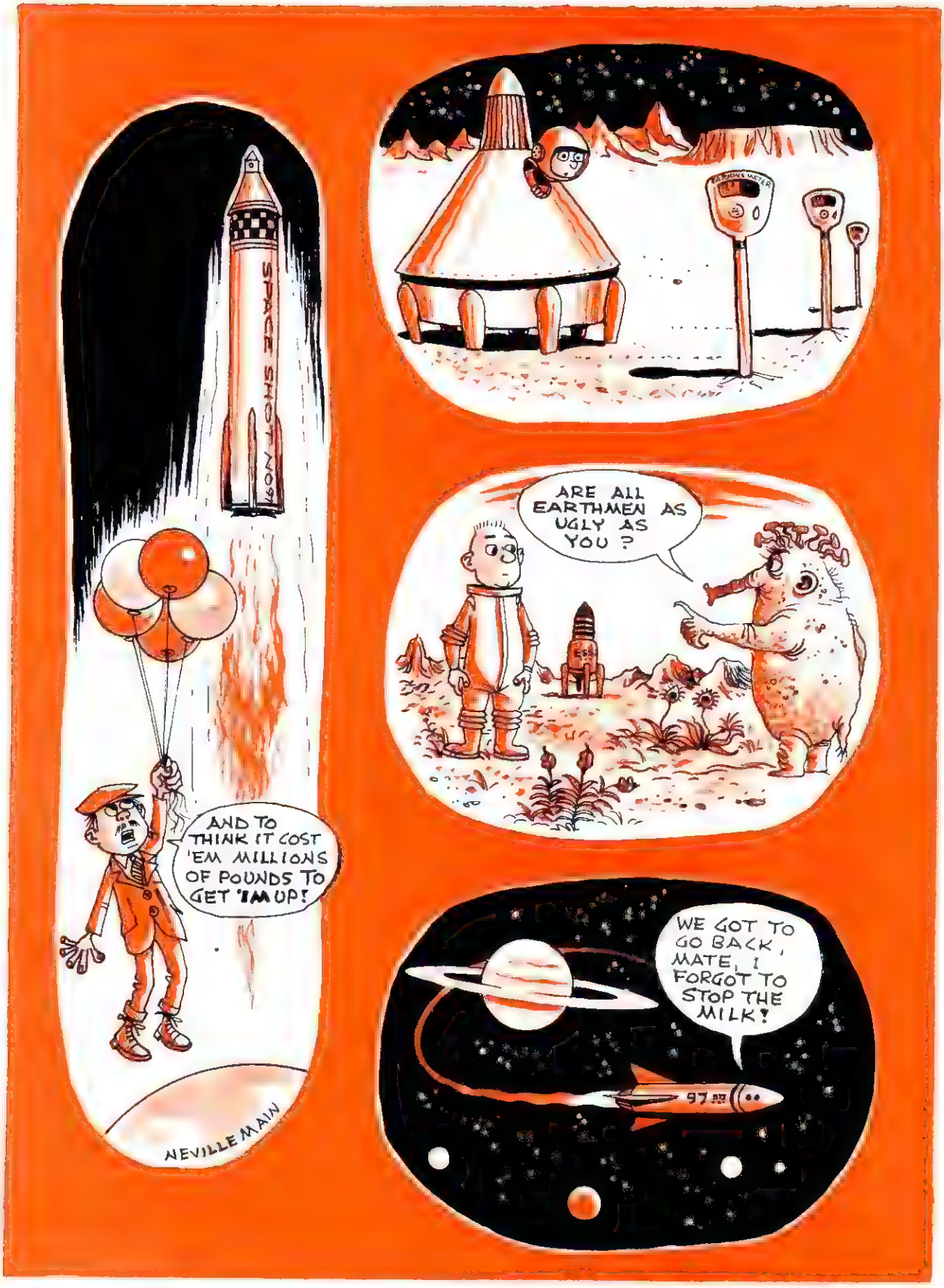

WE CAN POP DOWN THE STAIRS AND DO OUR SHOPPING...
STAIRS
3 HOURS LATER...
PHEW! WE'RE BACK AT THE TOP! I'M JUST ABOUT WORN OUT AFTER CLIMBING THOSE STAIRS!
TAIRS
S'FUNNY! THE ENGINE WON'T START!
STAIRS
PERHAPS I'D BETTER CHECK THE ENGINE! (GULP!)
YES! YOU'D BETTER! GRR!
SOON...
CLOSING TIME NOW, GENTLEMEN! KINDLY TAKE YOUR HELICOPTER OFF THE ROOF!
AIRS
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT—WE MUST DISMANTLE IT—
HUH!
—AND LOWER IT TO THE STREET BIT BY BIT...
SO THIS IS THE MODERN WAY TO GO SHOPPING, IS IT? WELL, JUST YOU WAIT, LADDIE, JUST YOU WAIT!


tv terrors
COO, LOOK! THE TV VAN IS HERE!
TV
NOW LISTEN, KIDS! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A COMPETITION FOR THE BIGGEST SNOWBALL, AND THE WINNER WILL BE SEEN ON TELEVISION!
TV
FOLLOW ME, LADS! I'VE JUST THOUGHT OF HOW WE CAN BE SURE OF WINNING!
NOT A COUPLE OF JIFFIES LATER...
WE'LL PUMP UP THIS GIANT BEACH BALL AND START ROLLING IT!
HA! HA! WE'RE WELL AHEAD OF THEM ALL!
PUSH HARD, WE'RE NEARLY AT THE TOP!
?
?
EEK!
YOW! IT'S GETTING AWAY FROM US!
OOER!

CRUMBS! IT'S GETTING AS BIG AS A HOUSE!
LEAVE IT TO ME, SIR, I'LL STOP IT WITH THE TV VAN!
TV
OH! NO! BANG GOES OUR BEACH BALL!
BOOM!
CRASH!
TV
WELL, AT LEAST I DID STOP IT... SIR!
AH, WELL, BY THE TIME THEY GET BACK, WE'LL HAVE A GENUINE GIANT SNOWBALL!

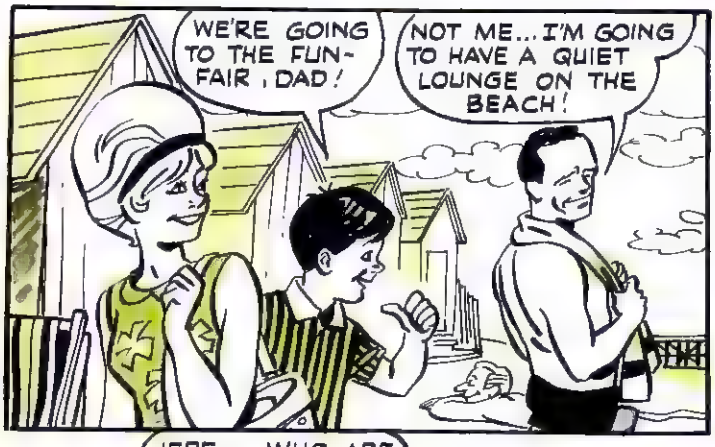
SPACE SNACKS
HAMBURGERS·FISH & CHIPS·CAVIARE

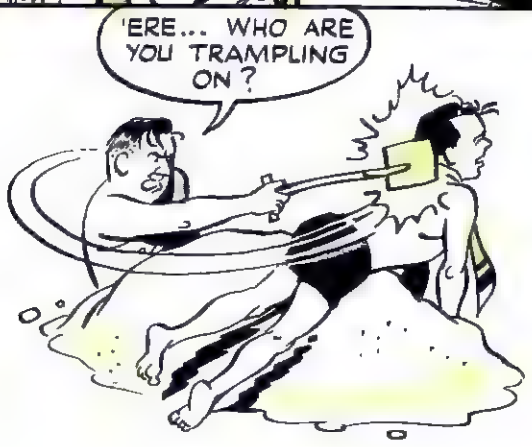
KEEP
SPACE TIDY

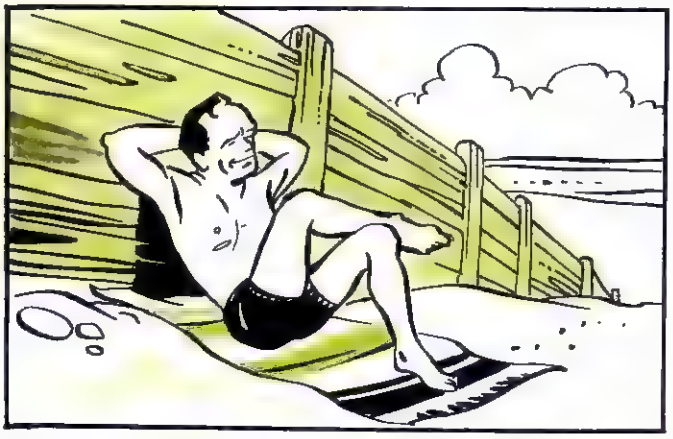

SPACE SHOT 1969
AND TO THINK IT COST 'EM MILLIONS OF POUNDS TO GET 'IM UP!
NEVILLE MAIN
ARE ALL EARTHMEN AS UGLY AS YOU ?
WE GOT TO GO BACK, MATE, I FORGOT TO STOP THE MILK!

More jokes on pages 32–40–46–100.

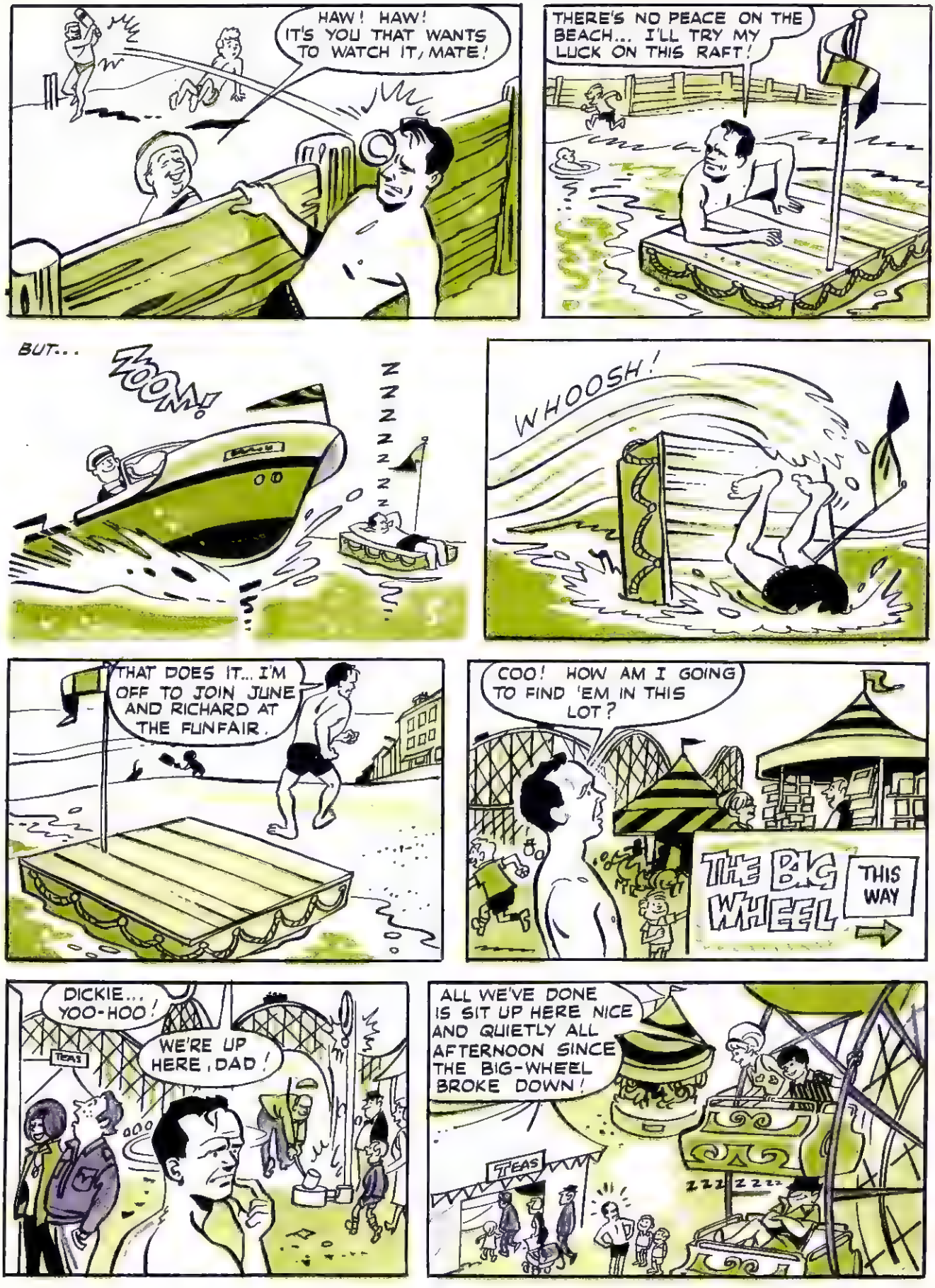
THE DICKIE HENDERSON FAMILY







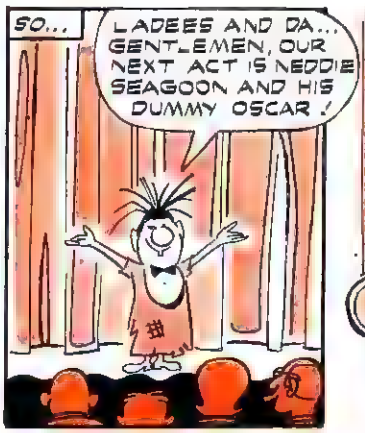
Based on the Rediffusion Television series "The Dickie Henderson Show"

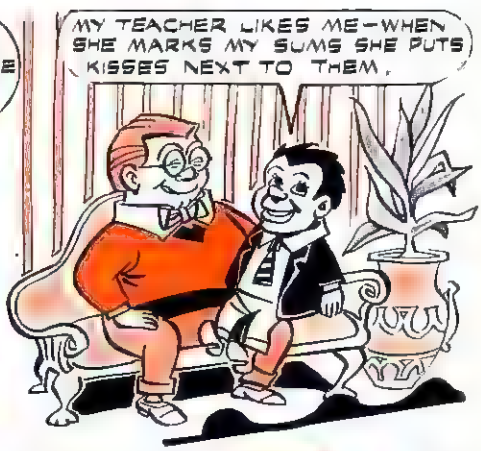

HAW! HAW! IT'S YOU THAT WANTS TO WATCH IT, MATE!
THERE'S NO PEACE ON THE BEACH... I'LL TRY MY LUCK ON THIS RAFT!
BUT...
ZOOM!
ZZZZZZZZ
WHOOSH!
THAT DOES IT... I'M OFF TO JOIN JUNE AND RICHARD AT THE FUNFAIR.
COO! HOW AM I GOING TO FIND 'EM IN THIS LOT?
THE BIG WHEEL
THIS WAY
DICKIE... YOO-HOO!
WE'RE UP HERE, DAD!
TEAS
ALL WE'VE DONE IS SIT UP HERE NICE AND QUIETLY ALL AFTERNOON SINCE THE BIG-WHEEL BROKE DOWN!
TEAS
ZZZ ZZZ

THE TELEGOONS

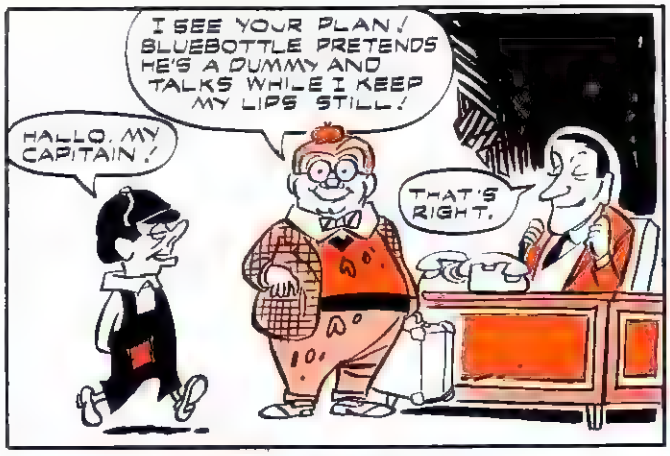
"MY NAME IS NEDDIE SEAGOON, OUT OF WORK VENTRILOQUIST. ONE DAY, AT THE OFFICE OF GRITPYPE THYNNE, THEATRICAL AGENT..."
NEDDIE, I'VE GOT A BOOKING FOR YOU AT LAST. IT'S AT THE EAST PLONGE HIPPODROME.
SEAGOON AND OSCAR

BUT ISN'T THAT THE..?
YES, NEDDIE, IT'S THE THEATRE WHERE THEY BELT YOU WITH ROTTEN VEGETABLES IF THEY DON'T LIKE YOUR ACT, SO THE BEST OF LUCK!

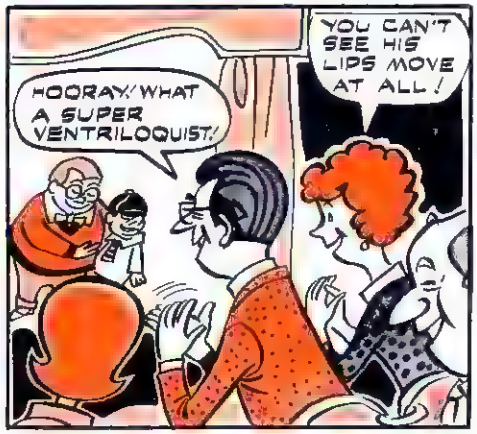


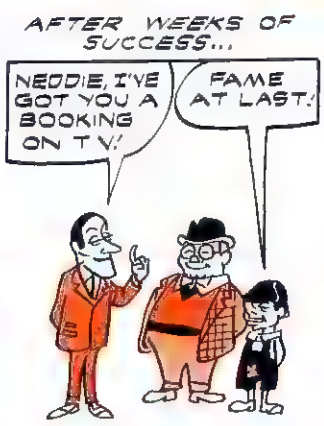


I THINK IT'S OSCAR THAT'S SPOILING YOUR ACT, NEDDIE— YOU'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF HIM!
BUT WHERE WOULD I FIND ANOTHER DUMMY AS GRUESOME AND UGLY AS HIM?

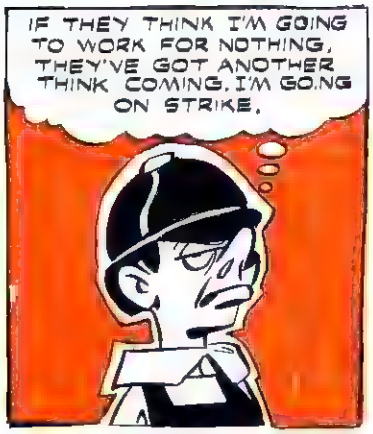

I SEE YOUR PLAN! BLUEBOTTLE PRETENDS HE'S A DUMMY AND TALKS WHILE I KEEP MY LIPS STILL!
HALLO, MY CAPITAIN!
THAT'S RIGHT.

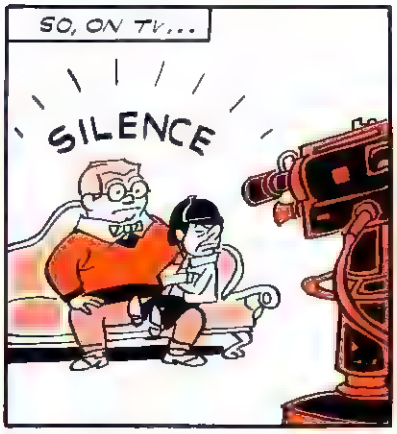
SO BACK TO THE EAST PLONGE HIPPODROME...
... SO I SAID TO THE WAITER "DO YOU SERVE SHRIMPS?" AND HE SAID "WE SERVE ANYBODY!"

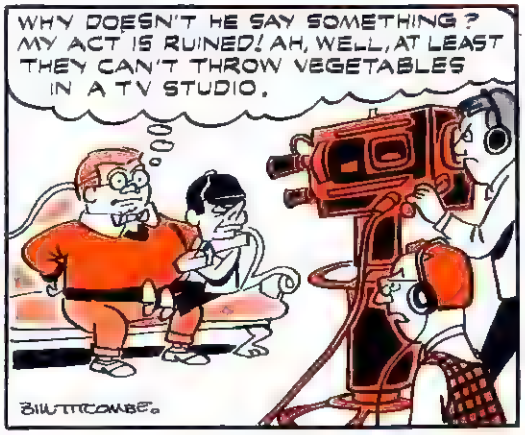

HOORAY! WHAT A SUPER VENTRILOQUIST!
YOU CAN'T SEE HIS LIPS MOVE AT ALL!


AFTER WEEKS OF SUCCESS...
NEDDIE, I'VE GOT YOU A BOOKING ON T.V.!
FAME AT LAST!

DON'T BE SILLY, LAD. WE'RE PAYING YOU THE SAME AS WE PAID THE OTHER DUMMY— NOTHING!


IF THEY THINK I'M GOING TO WORK FOR NOTHING, THEY'VE GOT ANOTHER THINK COMING. I'M GOING ON STRIKE.

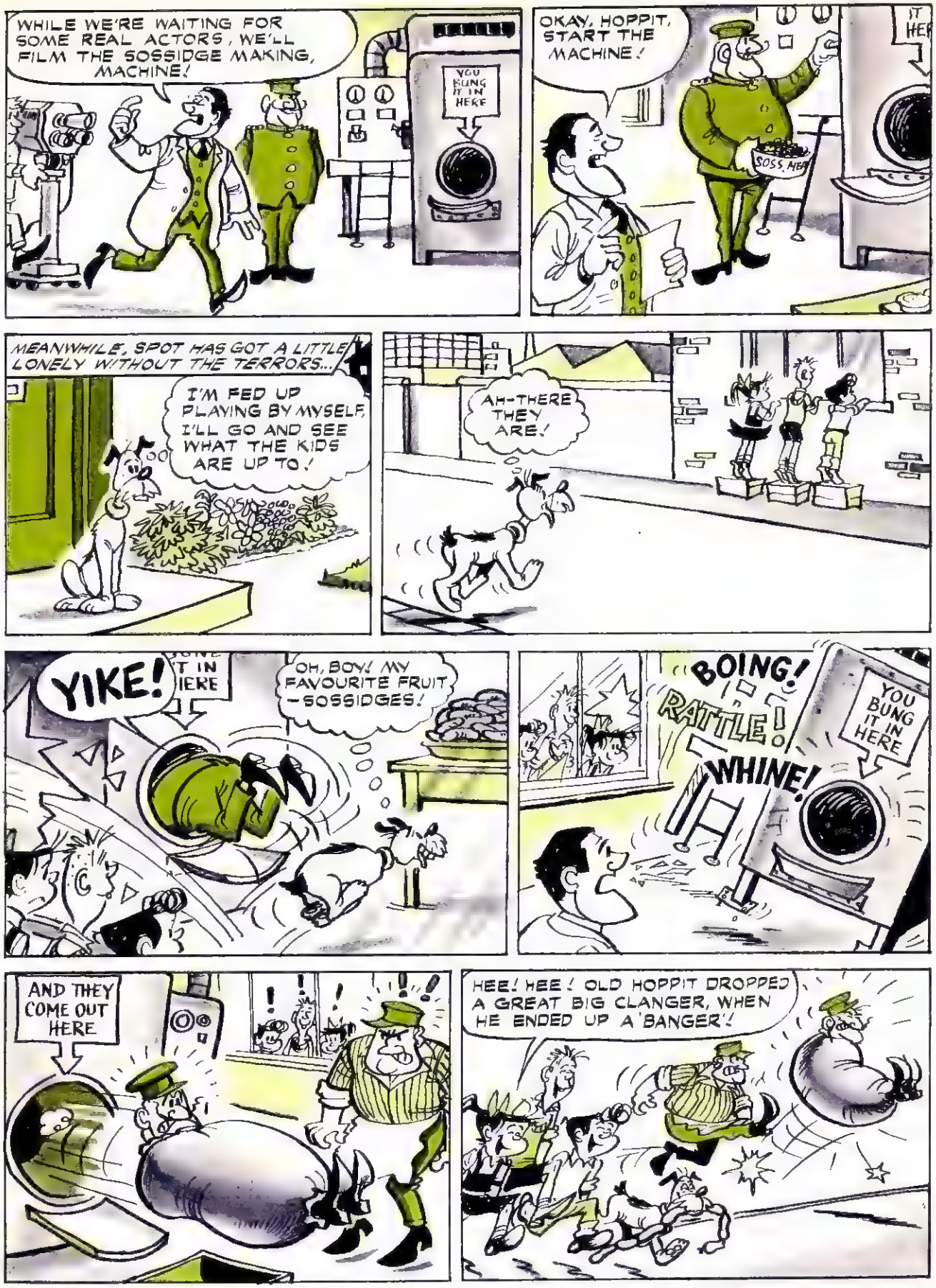

SO, ON TV...
SILENCE


WHY DOESN'T HE SAY SOMETHING? MY ACT IS RUINED! AH, WELL, AT LEAST THEY CAN'T THROW VEGETABLES IN A TV STUDIO.
BILL TIDCOMBE

WHAT A VENTRILOQUIST!
BOO!

TRUST US TO BE IN THE SAME STUDIO AS GARDENING CLUB!

TV TERRORS
HEY, KIDS, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A FREE FEED?
OH, BOY!
THEN COME INSIDE! WE'RE MAKING A TV FILM TO SHOW HOW TASTY OUR PIES, AND SOSSIDGES ARE!
THE PIE AND SOSSIDGE COMPANY
OH, GOSH! OLD HOPPIT'S HERE ON DUTY AS WELL.
HO! HO! HERE'S MY CHANCE TO PUT THOSE KIDS OFF THEIR FEED!
SAMPLES FOR TV SHOW
MUSTARD
OKAY, KIDS, THE CAMERAS ARE READY! START CHEWING, AND SMILING!
DROOL
YEOOW! MUSTARD!
GROO!
EEK! I'M ON FIRE!
HOW DARE YOU INSULT OUR 'GOODIES' LIKE THAT, GET OUT OF HERE!
COUGH!
SPLUTTER!
THE PIE AND SOSSIDGE COMPANY
TEE! HEE! OLD HOPPIT WAS TOO HOT FOR YOU THAT TIME!


WHILE WE'RE WAITING FOR SOME REAL ACTORS, WE'LL FILM THE SOSSIDGE MAKING, MACHINE!
YOU BUNG IT IN HERE
OKAY, HOPPIT, START THE MACHINE!
SOSS. MEAT
MEANWHILE, SPOT HAS GOT A LITTLE LONELY WITHOUT THE TERRORS...
I'M FED UP PLAYING BY MYSELF, I'LL GO AND SEE WHAT THE KIDS ARE UP TO!
AH-THERE THEY ARE!
YIKE!
OH, BOY! MY FAVOURITE FRUIT - SOSSIDGES!
BOING!
RATTLE!
WHINE!
YOU BUNG IT IN HERE
AND THEY COME OUT HERE
HEE! HEE! OLD HOPPIT DROPPED A GREAT BIG CLANGER, WHEN HE ENDED UP A 'BANGER'!

Pick of the Jokes

WE APOLOGISE FOR A TECHNICAL HITCH...
THERE! I TOLD YOU IT WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN ONE DAY!
HEY, MUM, COME QUICKLY, I THINK I'VE GOT AUSTRALIA ON THE TELLY!
O.K. TV REPAIRS DAY & NIGHT SERVICE
WELL, THAT'S THE END OF MY SHIFT, BILL. IT'S ALL YOURS UNTIL TOMORROW.
O.K. TV REPAIRS
NEVILLE MAIN

POPEYE
I WISH THERE WAS SOMETHING TO DO!
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING TO DO!
HALLO, SWEE'PEA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I'M SITTING ON MY THINKING ROCK!
WHENEVER I HAS A PROBLEM I SIT ON MY THINKING ROCK AND THINKS AND THINKS UNTIL I HAVE THE ANSWER!
THINK
THINK
THINK
HALLO—IT'S STARTING TO RAIN!
THINK
THINK
AH!
IDEA!
I THINK IT'S TIME I GOT OUT OF THIS RAIN.
?

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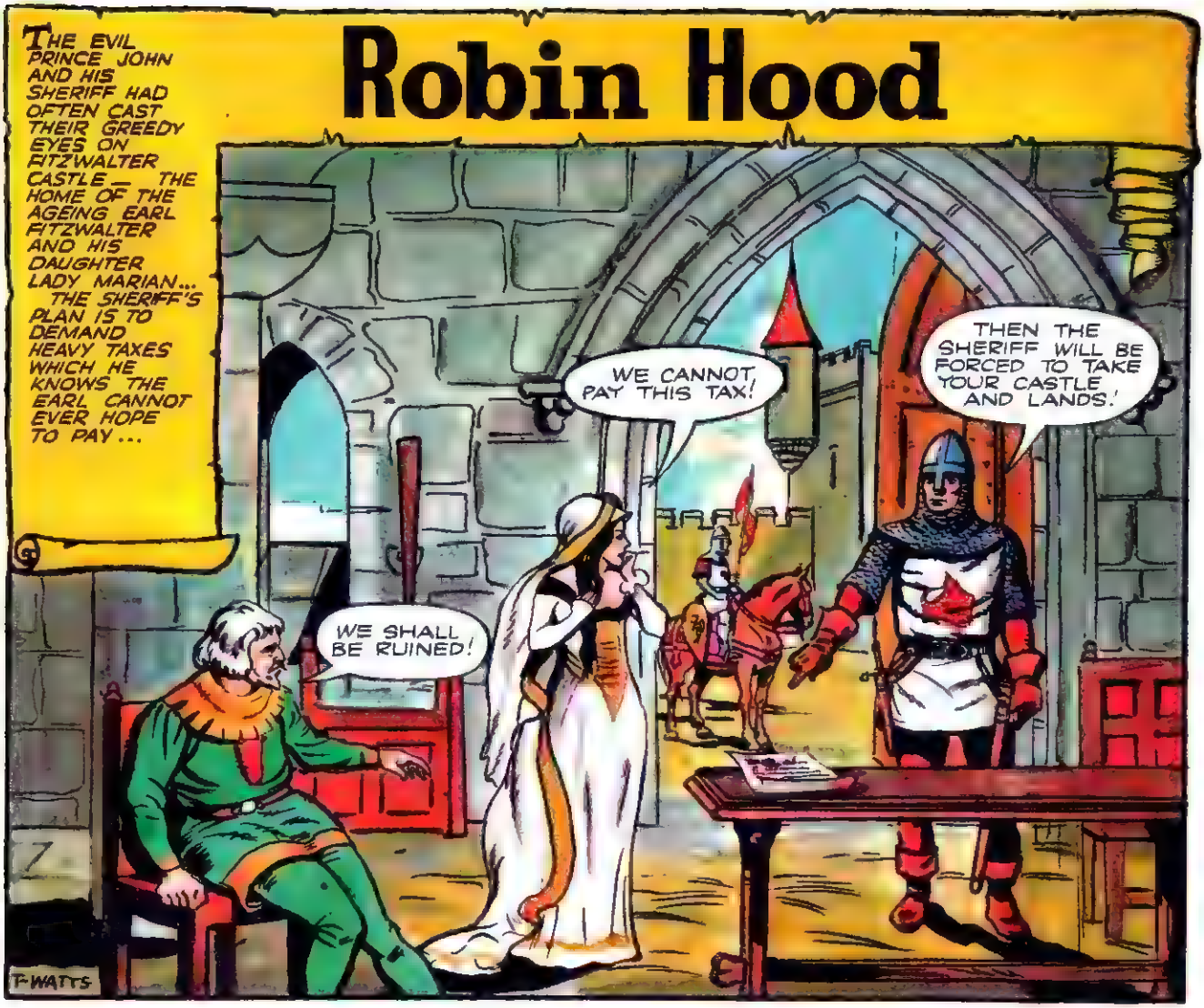
Robin Hood


THE EVIL PRINCE JOHN AND HIS SHERIFF HAD OFTEN CAST THEIR GREEDY EYES ON FITZWALTER CASTLE — THE HOME OF THE AGEING EARL FITZWALTER AND HIS DAUGHTER LADY MARIAN... THE SHERIFF'S PLAN IS TO DEMAND HEAVY TAXES WHICH HE KNOWS THE EARL CANNOT EVER HOPE TO PAY...
WE SHALL BE RUINED!
WE CANNOT PAY THIS TAX!
THEN THE SHERIFF WILL BE FORCED TO TAKE YOUR CASTLE AND LANDS!
T-WATTS

THAT NIGHT — A DESPERATE RIDE...
ROBIN IS OUR ONLY HOPE!

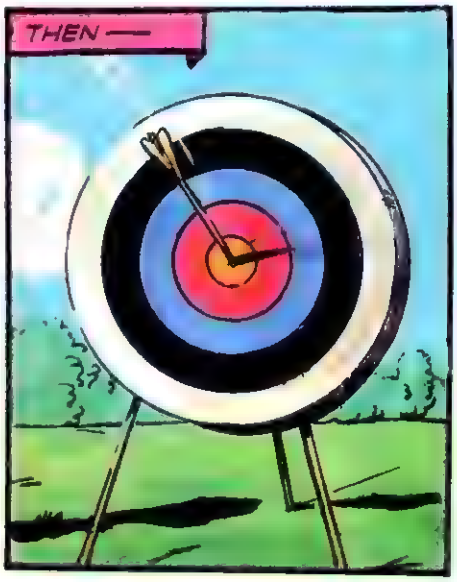
DEEP IN THE FOREST THE NEWS WAS TOLD...
..... CAN YOU HELP US, ROBIN?

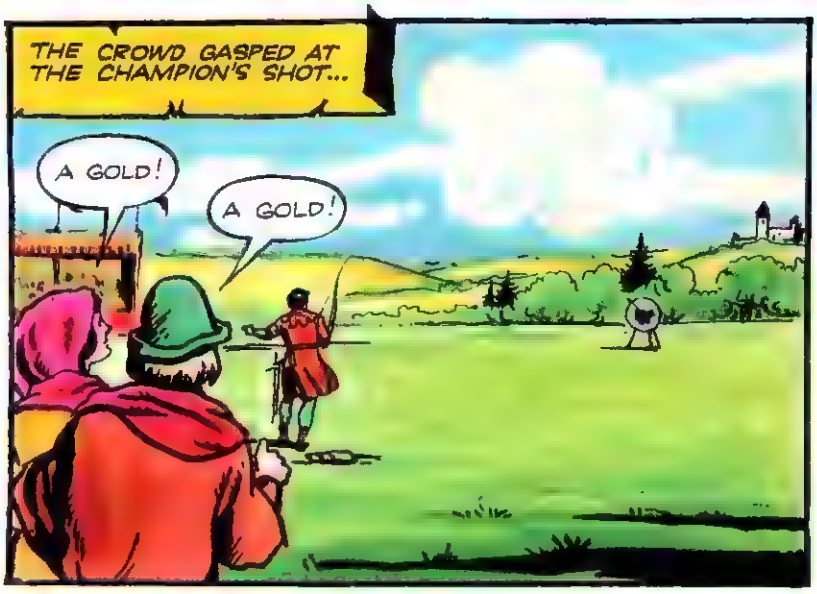
CALL ME AS YOUR CHAMPION. BY ANCIENT LAW I CAN SAVE YOUR LANDS IF I BEAT THE SHERIFF'S MAN!
MEANWHILE THE SHERIFF'S CAPTAIN REPORTS...
THE EARL STILL REFUSES TO PAY THE TAXES, MY LORD!
THEN HE WILL FORFEIT HIS POSSESSIONS —HE HAS NO CHAMPION!
AT THE DAY OF THE GREAT TOURNAMENT AND GAMES THE CUNNING SHERIFF WAS IN HIGH SPIRITS...
THERE IS NO ONE TO OPPOSE MY KNAVE MANCTELOW IN THE ARCHERY CONTEST... THE FITZWALTER CASTLE WILL BE OURS!
YOU HAVE DONE WELL, MY LORD SHERIFF!
SUDDENLY MAID MARIAN SPOKE...
HOLD, SIR SHERIFF! I WISH TO CALL A CHAMPION!
AT THAT MOMENT A MASKED MAN ARRIVED ON THE TOURNAMENT GROUNDS...
I HOPE NO ONE RECOGNISES ME!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
I COME TO DEFEND THE CAUSE OF LADY MARIAN FITZWALTER!
PEASANT! POPINJAY! I THINK YOU TO BEAT MY KNAVE, THE BEST BOWMAN IN ENGLAND? YOU MAY WELL HIDE YOUR FACE!

EXCITEMENT GREW AS THE HERALDS DECLARED THE ARCHERY TOURNAMENT OPEN...
THE LONG DISTANCE SHOOTING CAME FIRST AND THE SHERIFF'S CHAMPION RAISED HIS BOW...
NOW TO SHAME THE UPSTART!
THE CROWDS GASPED AS THE CHAMPION SHOT.
A LUSTY SHOT, MASTER MANCTELOW. SEE IF OUR PEASANT CAN BEAT THAT!
ROBIN RAISED HIS BOW AND HESITATED...
WHY TARRY? ART THOU AFRAID TO SHOOT, POPINJAY?
SUDDENLY THERE WAS A SWISH AS ROBIN'S ARROW SOARED FAR INTO THE DISTANCE...
'TIS LIKE WITCHCRAFT.
METHINKS I GO AHEAD!

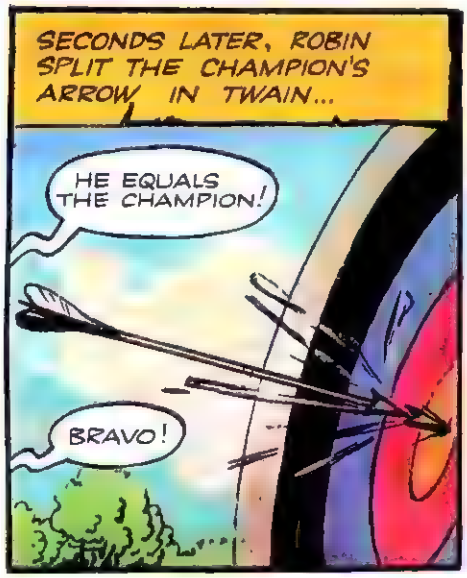
ROBIN LAUGHED, AND EXCLAIMED—
I WAITED TO GOOD EFFECT TILL THE WIND BLEW STRONG BEHIND ME, SIR SHERIFF, NOT THROUGH FEAR.

BUT THE SHERIFF WAS STILL CONFIDENT...
SEE HOW MY CHAMPION FARES ON THE TARGETS, VARLET!


THEN —

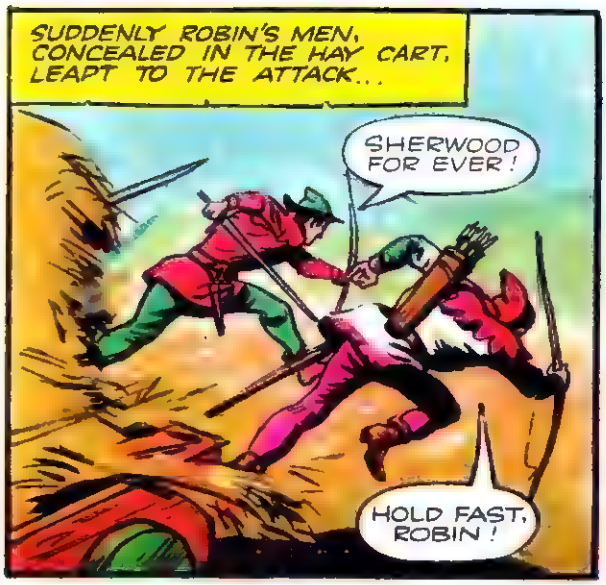

THE CROWD GASPED AT THE CHAMPION'S SHOT...
A GOLD!
A GOLD!

AND AS THE CROWD WATCHED IN SILENCE...
IN TRUTH, I MUST SHOOT NOW AS I HAVE NEVER SHOT BEFORE!

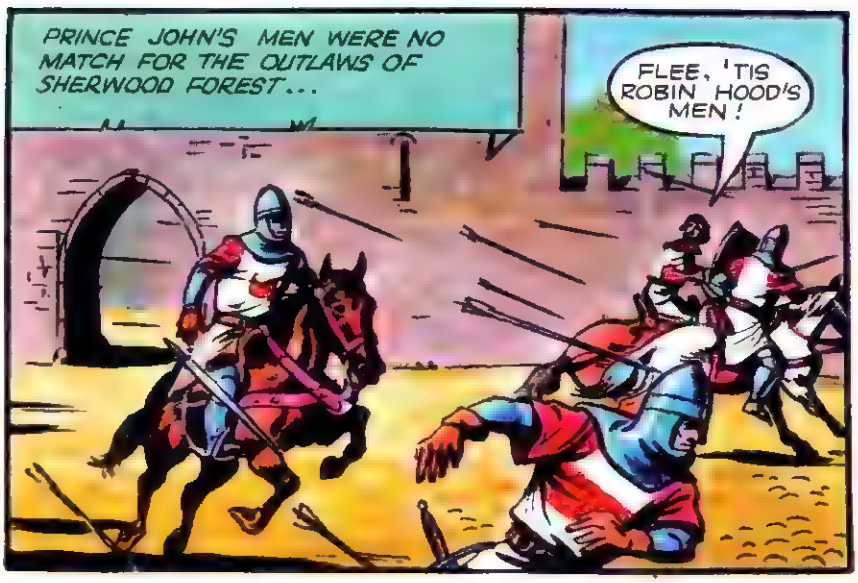

SECONDS LATER, ROBIN SPLIT THE CHAMPION'S ARROW IN TWAIN...
HE EQUALS THE CHAMPION!
BRAVO!

NOW LEADING IN THE CONTEST, ROBIN PREPARED FOR THE NEXT SHOT...
I HAVE ONLY TO EQUAL HIS SHOT TO WIN!
WITH BRILLIANT JUDGEMENT, ROBIN EQUALLED THE CHAMPION'S SHOT...
RELUCTANTLY, PRINCE JOHN AWARDED THE CHAMPIONSHIP TO ROBIN...
SUDDENLY A SOLDIER SHOUTED...
MY LIEGE! THAT MAN IS ROBIN HOOD!
PRINCE JOHN CRIED OUT IN ANGER...
A HUNDRED CROWNS FOR THE MAN WHO CUTS HIM DOWN!
IN A FLASH ROBIN LEAPT UPON A NEARBY CHARGER...

CUT OFF FROM ALL SIDES, ROBIN'S POSITION LOOKED HOPELESS
NOW I HAVE HIM, SIRE!
CUT HIM DOWN!

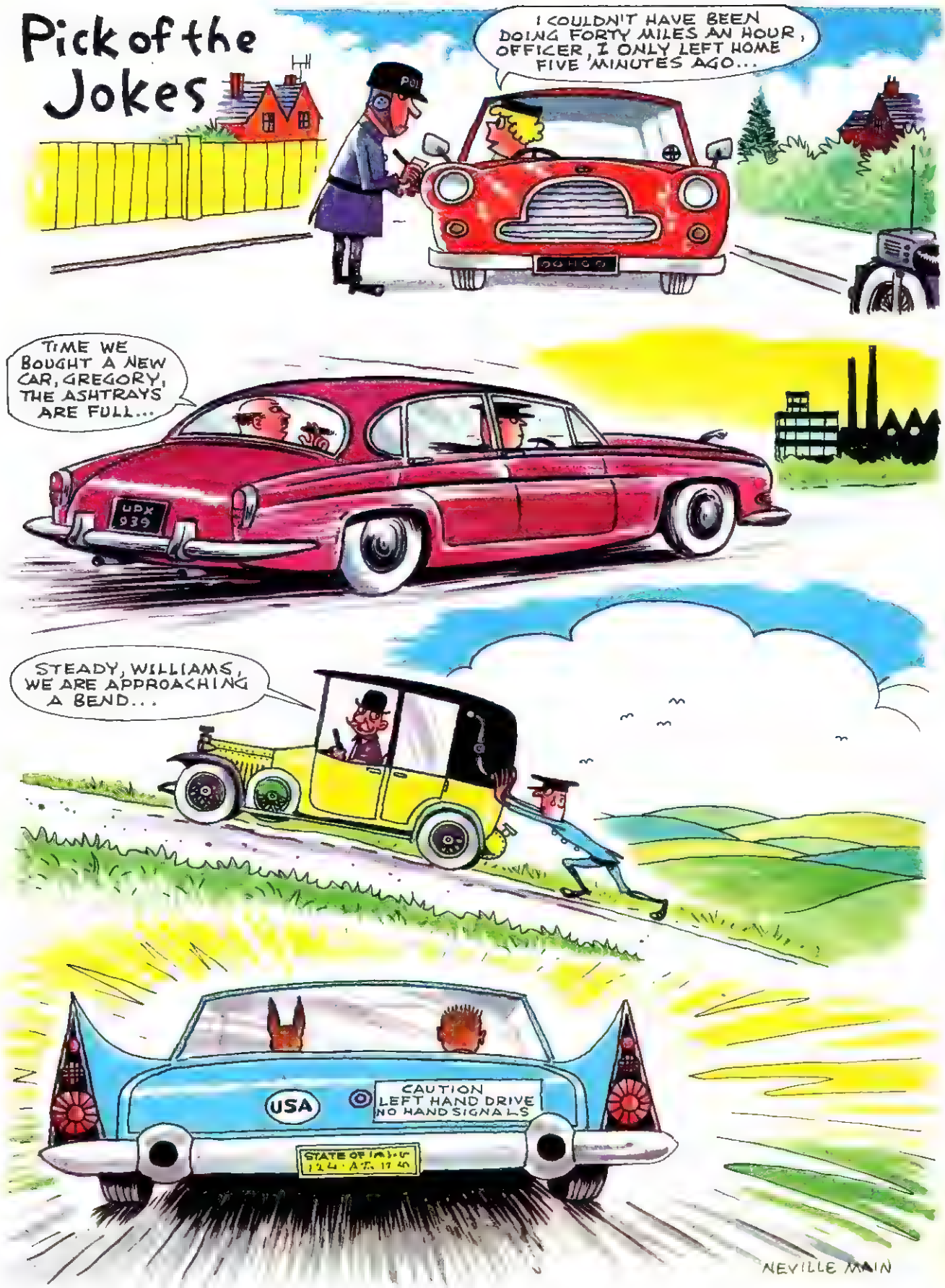

SUDDENLY ROBIN'S MEN, CONCEALED IN THE HAY CART, LEAPT TO THE ATTACK...
SHERWOOD FOR EVER!
HOLD FAST, ROBIN!

ROBIN'S MEN OPENED UP A DEADLY FIRE...
AIM TRUE, MY FRIENDS!


PRINCE JOHN'S MEN WERE NO MATCH FOR THE OUTLAWS OF SHERWOOD FOREST...
FLEE, 'TIS ROBIN HOOD'S MEN!

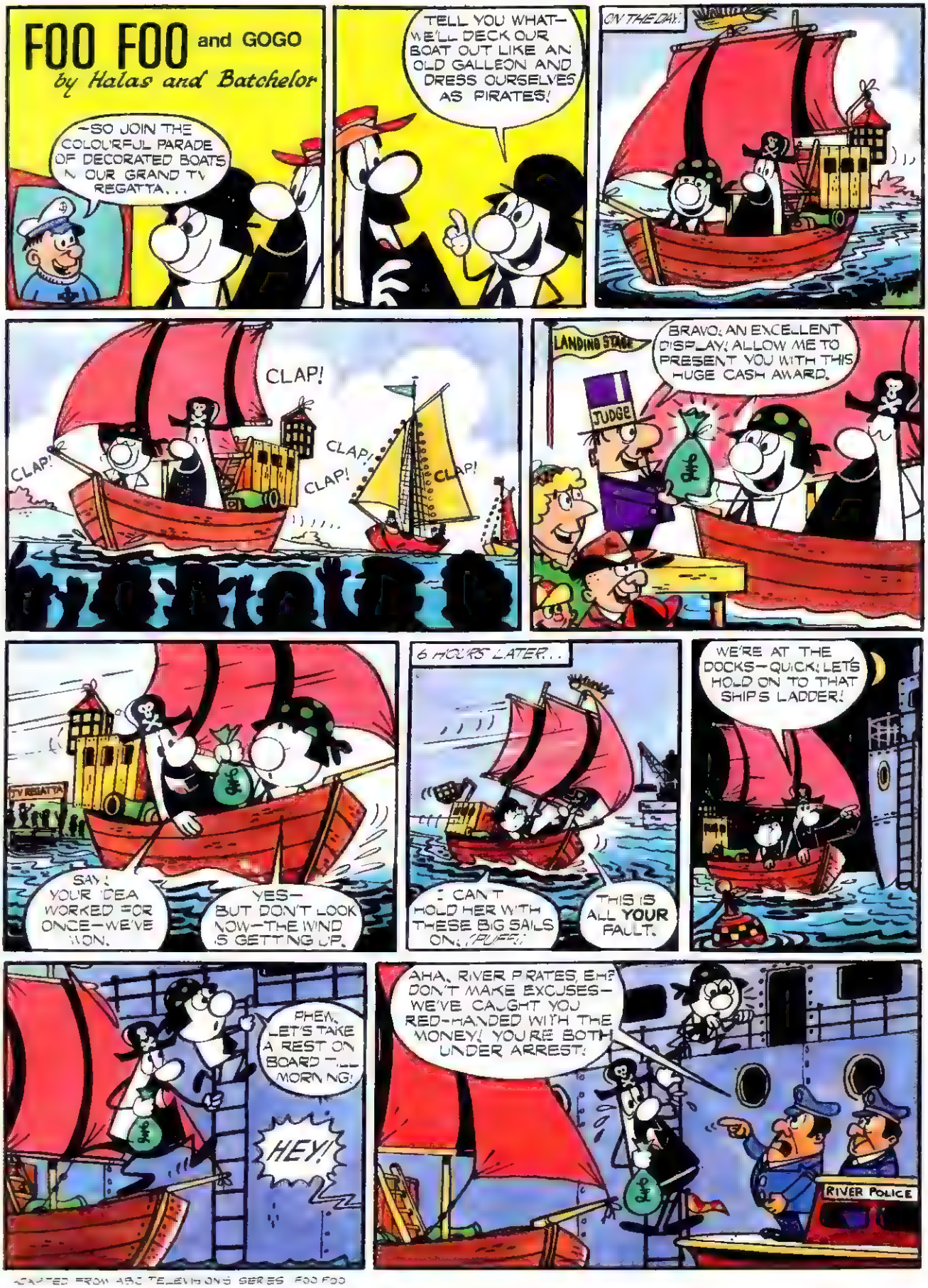
FITZWALTER CASTLE WAS SAVED, AND THAT NIGHT MAID MARIAN REJOICED WITH ROBIN AND HIS MEN...

Pick of the Jokes


I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN DOING FORTY MILES AN HOUR, OFFICER, I ONLY LEFT HOME FIVE MINUTES AGO...
POLICE
TIME WE BOUGHT A NEW CAR, GREGORY, THE ASHTRAYS ARE FULL...
UDX 939
STEADY, WILLIAMS, WE ARE APPROACHING A BEND...
USA
CAUTION LEFT HAND DRIVE NO HAND SIGNALS
NEVILLE MAIN

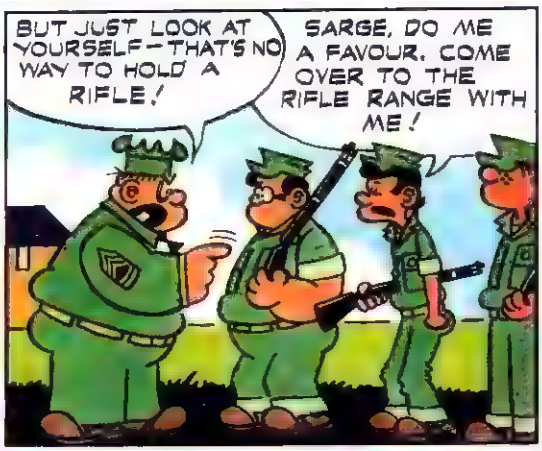
FOO FOO and GOGO

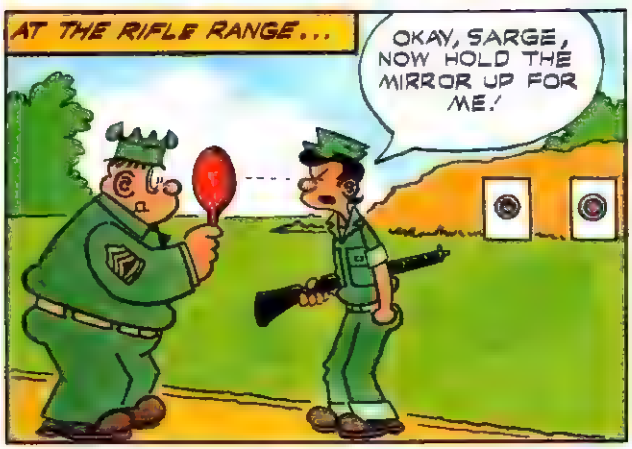
by Halas and Batchelor

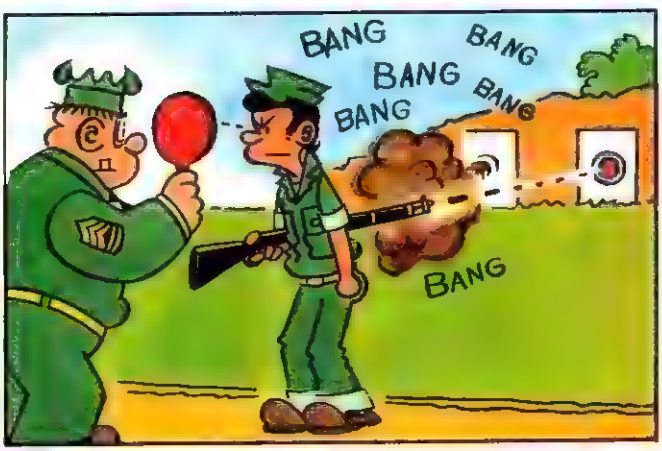

—SO JOIN THE COLOURFUL PARADE OF DECORATED BOATS IN OUR GRAND TV REGATTA...
TELL YOU WHAT— WE'LL DECK OUR BOAT OUT LIKE AN OLD GALLEON AND DRESS OURSELVES AS PIRATES!
ON THE DAY:
CLAP!
CLAP!
CLAP!
CLAP!
CLAP!
LANDING STAGE
JUDGE
BRAVO! AN EXCELLENT DISPLAY! ALLOW ME TO PRESENT YOU WITH THIS HUGE CASH AWARD.
TV REGATTA
SAY! YOUR IDEA WORKED FOR ONCE—WE'VE WON.
YES— BUT DON'T LOOK NOW—THE WIND IS GETTING UP.
6 HOURS LATER...
I CAN'T HOLD HER WITH THESE BIG SAILS ON! (PUFF!)
THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT.
WE'RE AT THE DOCKS—QUICK! LET'S HOLD ON TO THAT SHIP'S LADDER!
PHEW. LET'S TAKE A REST ON BOARD TILL MORNING!
HEY!
AHA, RIVER PIRATES, EH? DON'T MAKE EXCUSES— WE'VE CAUGHT YOU RED-HANDED WITH THE MONEY! YOU'RE BOTH UNDER ARREST!
RIVER POLICE

ADAPTED FROM ABC TELEVISION'S SERIES FOO FOO

beetle bailey







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MIGHTY MOTH
IT'S SUPER LAYING HERE SUNBATHING!
BAH! MISSED HIM!
OOPS!
THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE, BUT I'LL GET EVEN WITH HIM!
SO, IN DAD'S SHED...
LATER...
PHEW! THIS IS HOT WORK!
SUDDENLY...
BZZ-BZZZ
A WASP!
BZZZ-BZZZZ
HELP!
MY BEST CARPET!
BUMP!
CRASH!
IT WASN'T A WASP, DAD—JUST LITTLE ME! HO! HO! HO!

Mediterranean
TREASURE HUNT
for gold lost in sunken wrecks.
Venice
PUT IN TO MARSEILLES FOR REPAIRS MISS A TURN.
TAKE ON CORSICAN FISHERMAN WHO KNOWS THE AREA. EXTRA TURN.
Pisa
Corsica
Find a treasure map in a shop in Barcelona Move to 13.
Majorca
SARDINIA
When you get here you can choose which route to take to reach square 39.
START
HOME
Robbed of treasure. Go back to beginning.
SICILY
Algiers
BLOWN OFF COURSE. TAKE A DETOUR.
Tunis
FINE WEATHER. MOVE TO 74.
Tripoli
Detour from Sent on wild goose chase by rival treasure hunters.
SPAIN
ALGERIA
N
S
E
W
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
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11
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81

Here is a wonderful game for 2 or more players —All you need is a dice for scoring and small counters. The first player to throw six can begin this exciting treasure hunt—the first player to return home is the winner.
Good progress made. Move straight to 29.
Detour to the Black Sea through misreading map.
Equipment forgotten. Go back to 19.
Delay crossing Adriatic Sea Miss 2 turns.
Move on to 38.
Istanbul
WASTE TIME SEARCHING HERE UNSUCCESSFULLY BACK TO 19.
Take the short cut.
Go straight across country. Move to 39.
Run aground. Miss 2 turns.
Find sunken wreck and treasure with help of sponge divers. Take an extra turn.
Shipwreck coming through Straits of Messina. Go back to 12.
FINE WEATHER FOR DIVING TO RECOVER TREASURE. EXTRA TURN
Pirate ship sighted. Throw treasure overboard to save from pirates Stay in hiding till you throw 6.
CRETE
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62

pick of ye jokes
WE CALL IT A SPIN DRYER...
I CAN'T THINK WHY I MADE IT BUT SOMEDAY IT MAY COME IN USEFUL...
QUICK, PROFESSOR, WHAT DOES IT SAY?
IT SAYS SOMETHING OR OTHER 'WASHETH WHITER' THAN SOMETHING OR OTHER....
THEY'RE BRITISH DIPLOMATS, SIGNORA!
NEVILLE MAIN

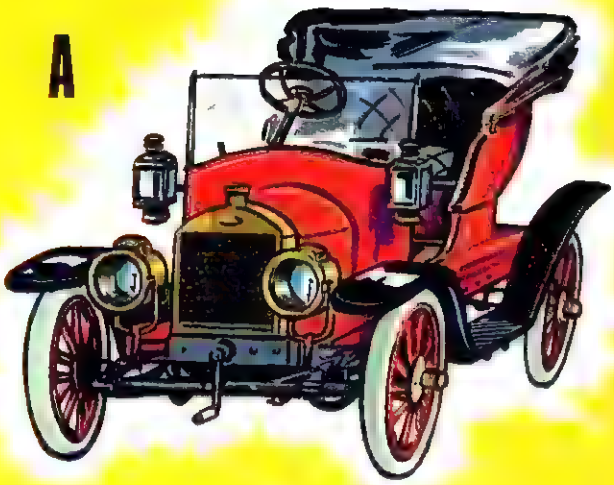
the DICKIE HENDERSON Family
TCH! WHAT POOR LIGHTS WE'VE GOT IN THIS PLACE! I'LL CALL IN THE ELECTRICIAN FIRST THING TOMORROW!
NEXT DAY...
WHAT! £120-5-2½ FOR NEW LIGHTS AND REWIRING? I'LL DO IT MYSELF!
SO DICKIE GETS TO WORK...
I'LL PULL ALL THE OLD WIRES OUT FIRST!
NOW FOR THE NEW POWER POINTS...!
..THEN FINALLY ALL THE NEW LIGHT FITTINGS!
I'LL SWITCH ON DAD!
I NEVER THOUGHT HE COULD DO IT!
WHUMP!
THE ELECTRICIAN CAN'T COME FOR TWO WEEKS!
WELL, IF WE CAN'T LOOK AT TV WE'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME FOR READING!
BAH! IT'S A BOOK ABOUT OLDEN TIMES WHEN PEOPLE HAD CANDLES AND OIL LAMPS!

BASED ON THE REDIFFUSION TELEVISION SERIES "THE DICKIE HENDERSON SHOW"

PUZZLE

CAN you also name the century of these vehicles . . . and pair them off with the people on the opposite page?

A



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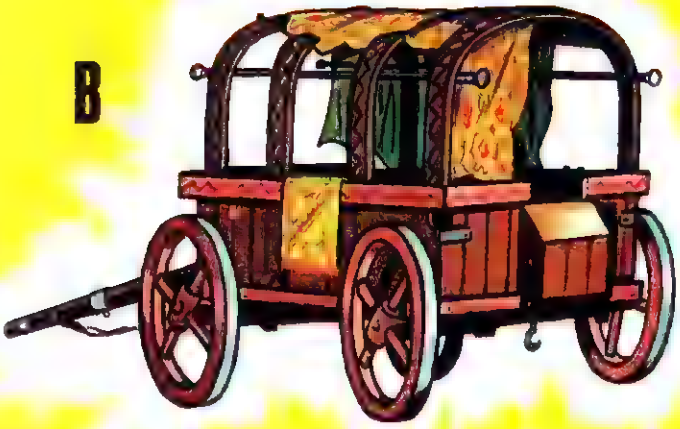

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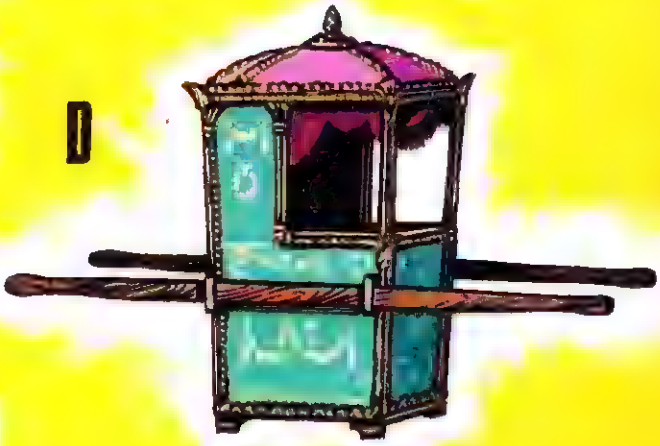

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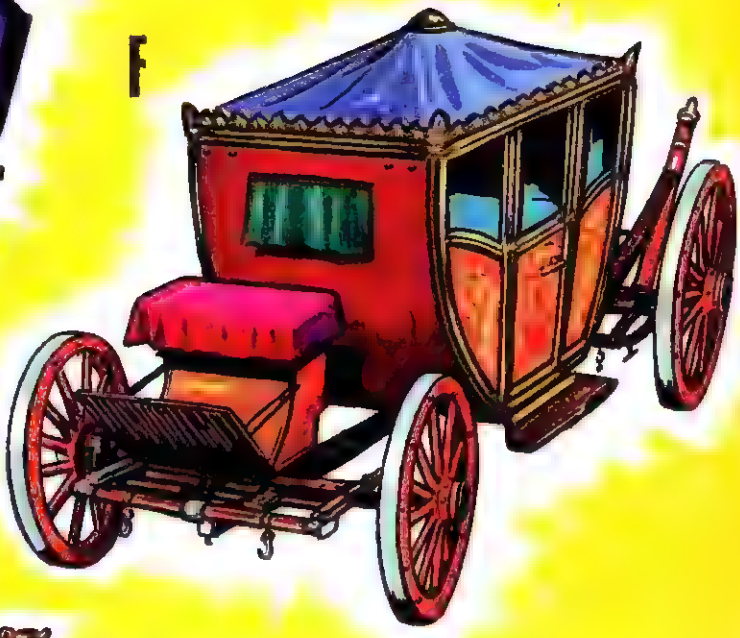

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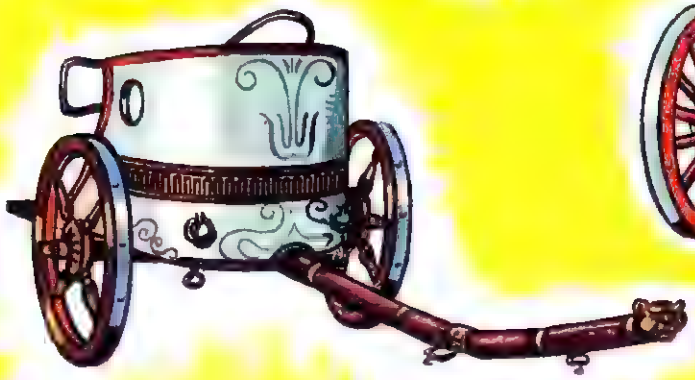
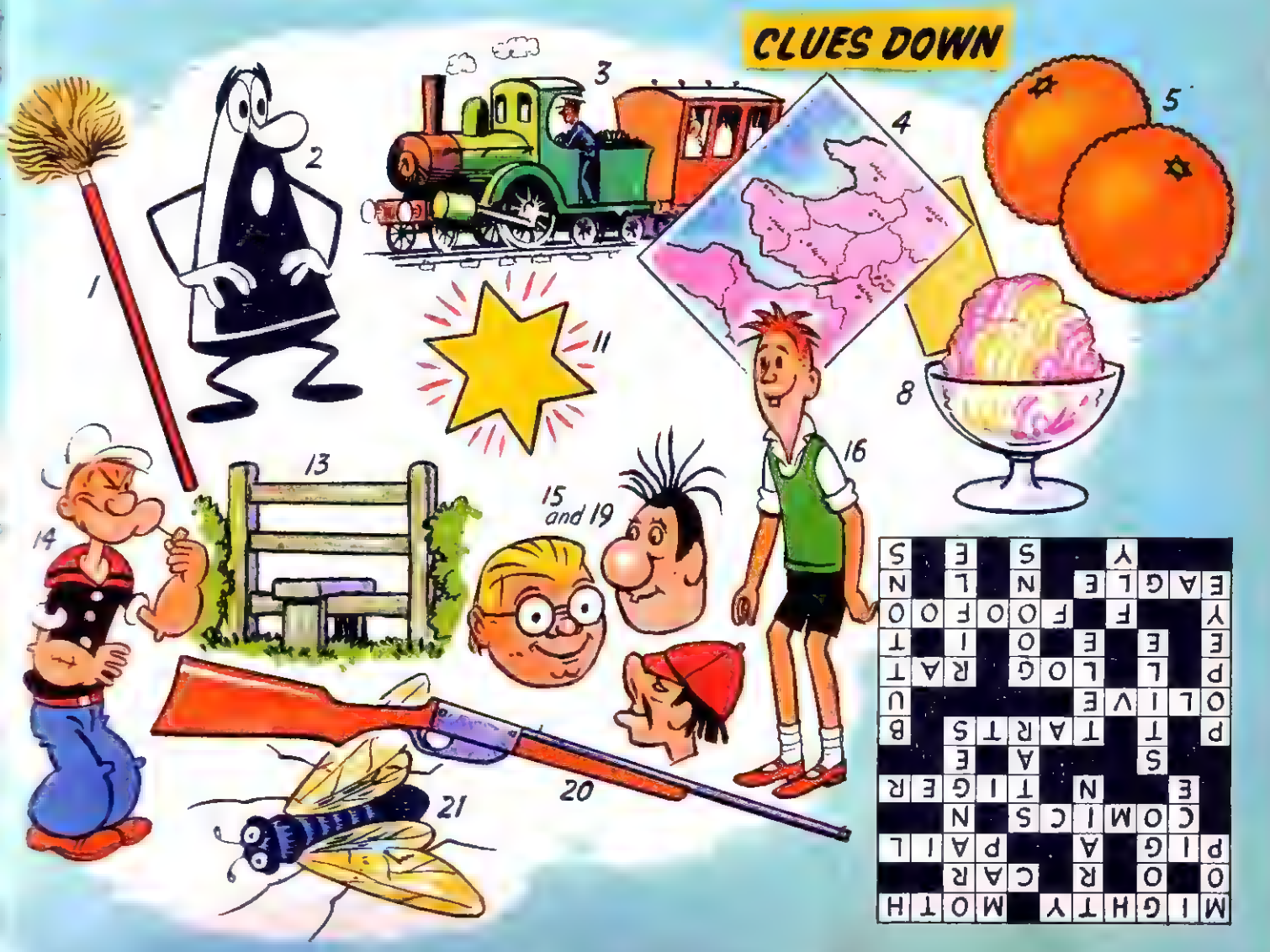


TV TERRORS

PICTURE-WORD PUZZLE

CLUES ACROSS

CLUES DOWN



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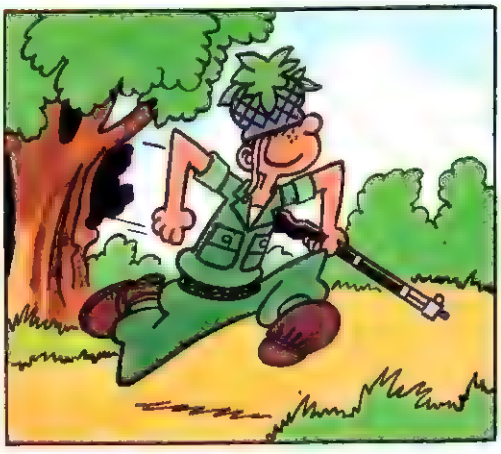
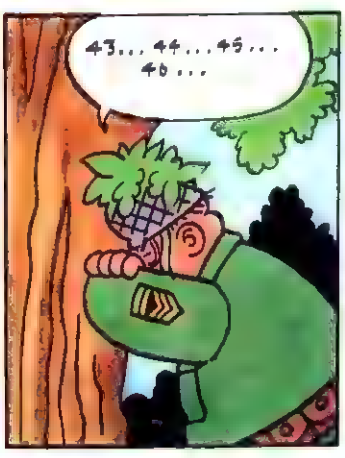
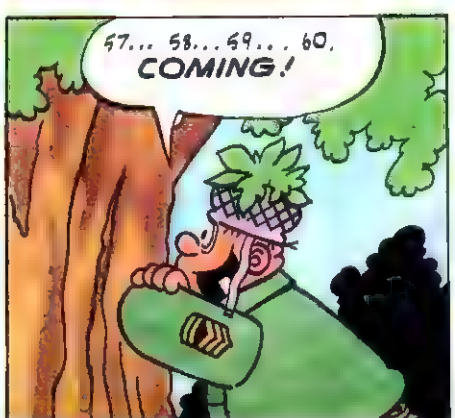
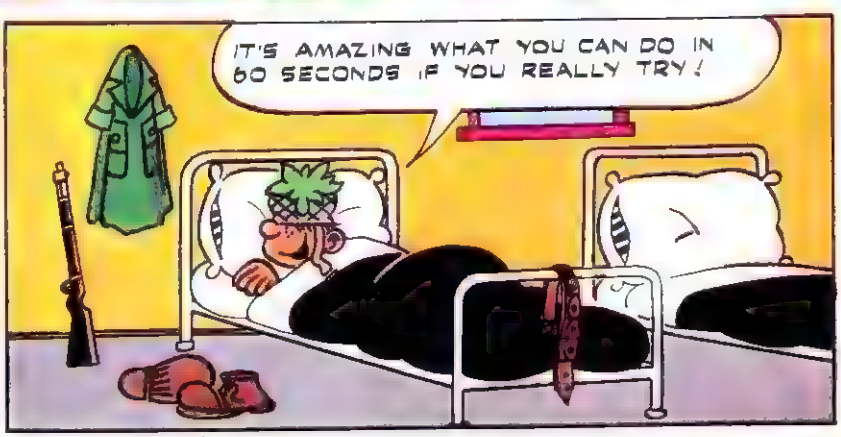
BEETLE BAILEY









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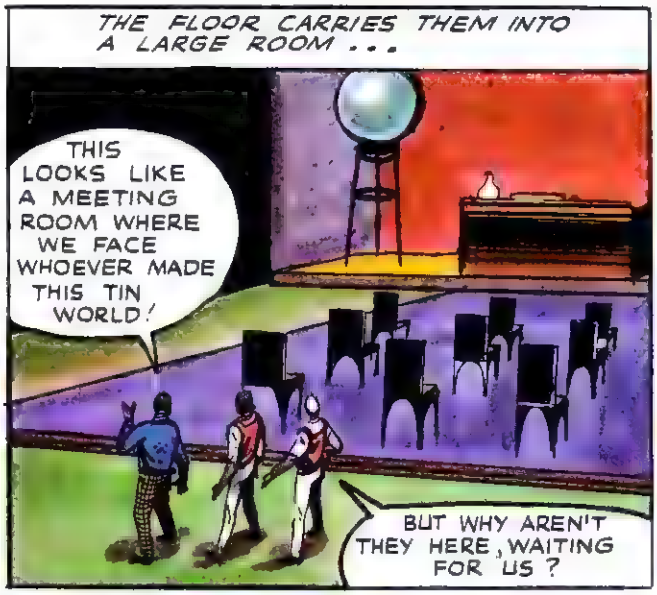
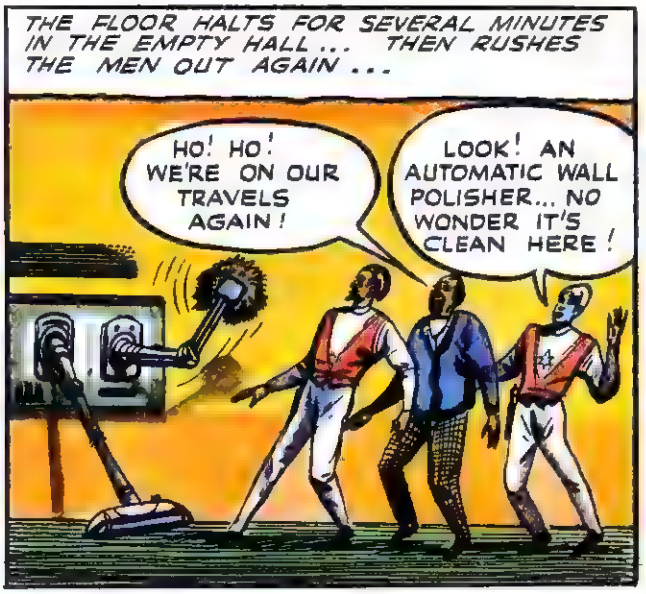
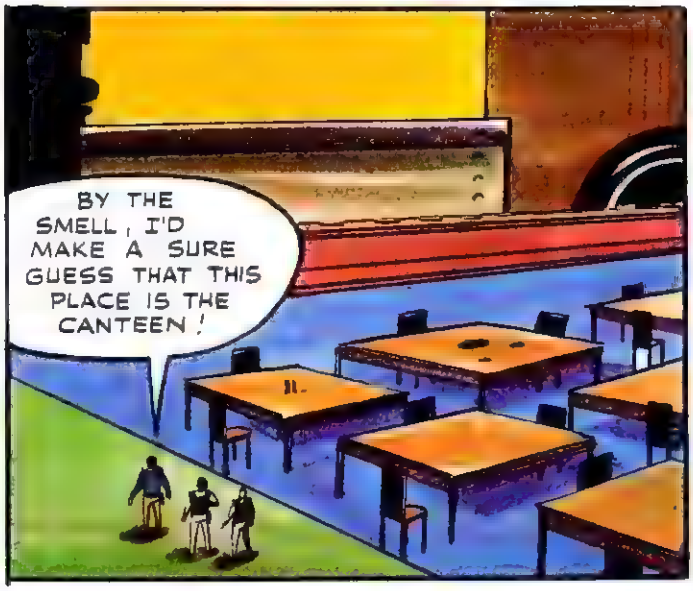
SPACE PATROL
by Roberta Leigh
A STRANGE OBJECT IS HALF A MILLION MILES AWAY, BUT SPEEDING TOWARDS EARTH... GALASPHERE 347 IS SENT TO INVESTIGATE...
THE CREW OF GALASPHERE VIEW THE STRANGE MISSILE . . . . .
IT'S AMAZING... IT'S BIG ENOUGH TO BE AN ARTIFICIAL PLANET!
THEN THERE MIGHT BE INTELLIGENT CREATURES INSIDE!
I CAN'T GET ANSWERING SIGNALS FROM IT, CAPTAIN!
THEN LEAVING HUSKY IN CONTROL, CAPTAIN DART LEADS THE OTHERS ACROSS TO THE STRANGE WORLD...
THEY FIND THE ENTRANCE EASILY ENOUGH...
THERE'S NO-ONE TO MEET US ... SURELY THE OCCUPANTS MUST KNOW WE'RE HERE?
HUM! PERHAPS THEY'RE JUST BIDING THEIR TIME!
SUDDENLY...
THE FLOOR'S MOVING!
OOPS!

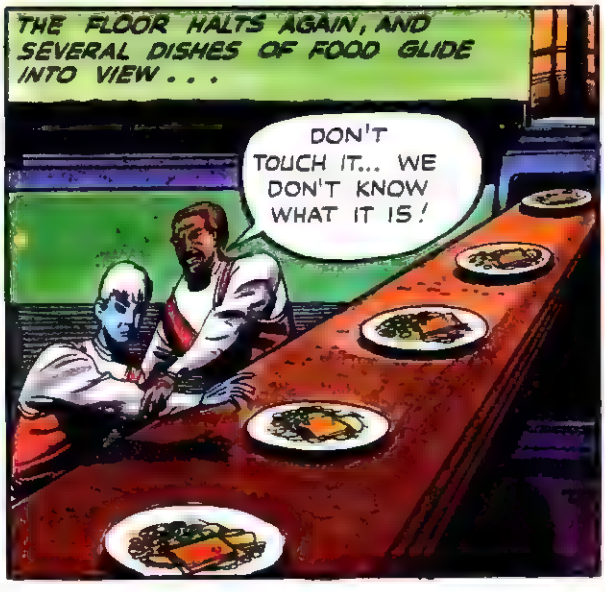

THE FLOOR CARRIES THEM INTO A LARGE ROOM . . .
THIS LOOKS LIKE A MEETING ROOM WHERE WE FACE WHOEVER MADE THIS TIN WORLD!
BUT WHY AREN'T THEY HERE, WAITING FOR US ?

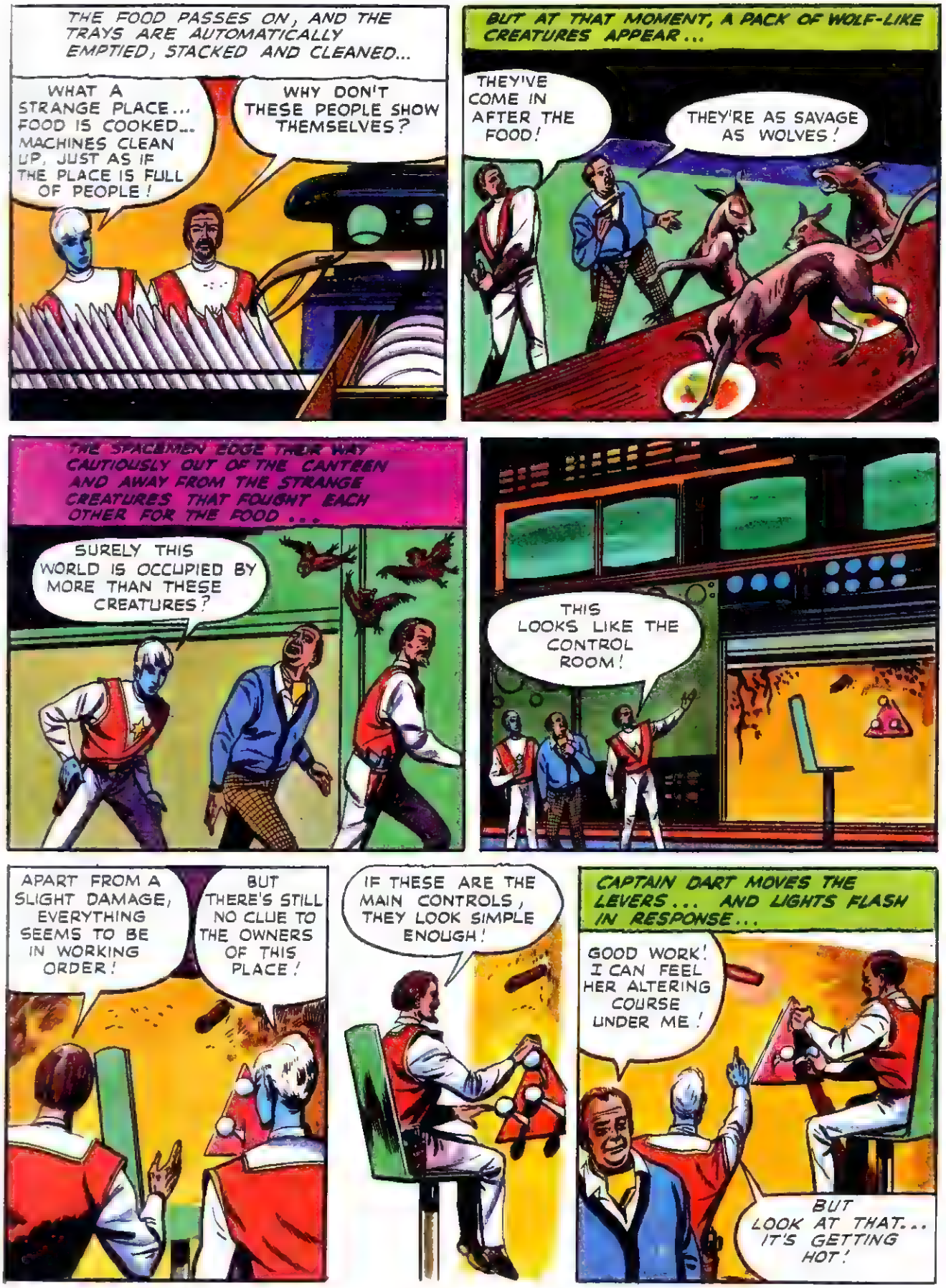

THE FLOOR HALTS FOR SEVERAL MINUTES IN THE EMPTY HALL ... THEN RUSHES THE MEN OUT AGAIN . . .
HO! HO! WE'RE ON OUR TRAVELS AGAIN!
LOOK! AN AUTOMATIC WALL POLISHER... NO WONDER IT'S CLEAN HERE!

SUDDENLY . . .
AAGH!

AT LEAST THERE IS SOME FORM OF LIFE IN THIS PLACE!
LIFE, TO BE SURE, BUT NOT THE KIND O' CREATURE THAT COULD BUILD THIS PLACE!

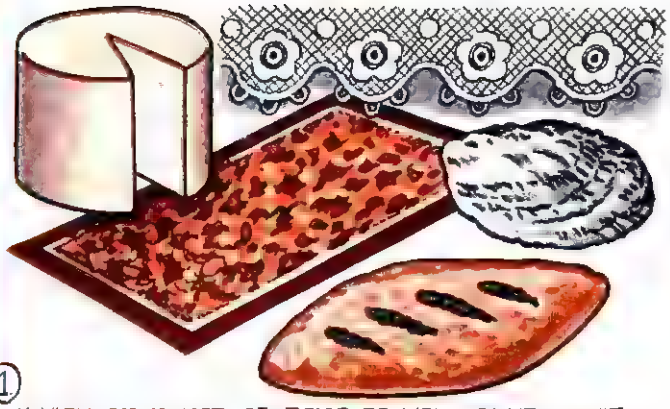

BY THE SMELL, I'D MAKE A SURE GUESS THAT THIS PLACE IS THE CANTEEN!


THE FLOOR HALTS AGAIN, AND SEVERAL DISHES OF FOOD GLIDE INTO VIEW . . .
DON'T TOUCH IT... WE DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS!

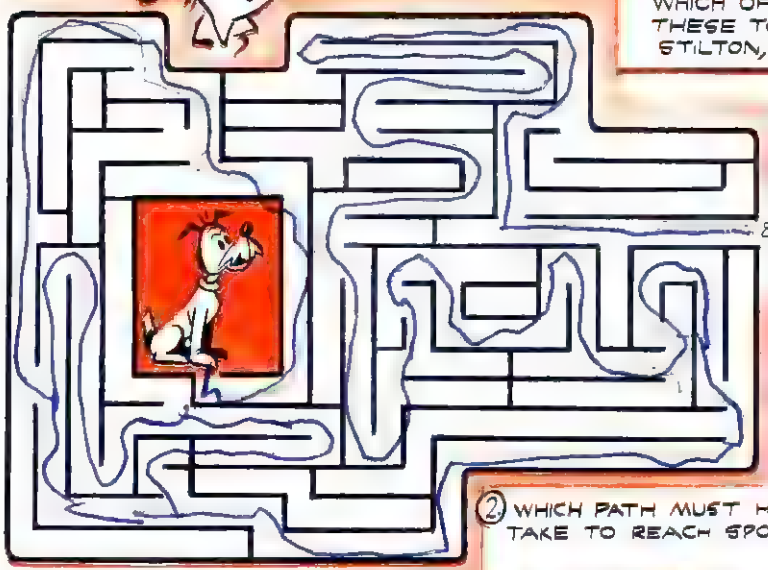

THE FOOD PASSES ON, AND THE TRAYS ARE AUTOMATICALLY EMPTIED, STACKED AND CLEANED...
WHAT A STRANGE PLACE... FOOD IS COOKED... MACHINES CLEAN UP, JUST AS IF THE PLACE IS FULL OF PEOPLE!
WHY DON'T THESE PEOPLE SHOW THEMSELVES?
BUT AT THAT MOMENT, A PACK OF WOLF-LIKE CREATURES APPEAR...
THEY'VE COME IN AFTER THE FOOD!
THEY'RE AS SAVAGE AS WOLVES!
THE SPACEMEN EDGE THEIR WAY CAUTIOUSLY OUT OF THE CANTEEN AND AWAY FROM THE STRANGE CREATURES THAT FOUGHT EACH OTHER FOR THE FOOD...
SURELY THIS WORLD IS OCCUPIED BY MORE THAN THESE CREATURES?
THIS LOOKS LIKE THE CONTROL ROOM!
APART FROM A SLIGHT DAMAGE, EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE IN WORKING ORDER!
BUT THERE'S STILL NO CLUE TO THE OWNERS OF THIS PLACE!
IF THESE ARE THE MAIN CONTROLS, THEY LOOK SIMPLE ENOUGH!
CAPTAIN DART MOVES THE LEVERS... AND LIGHTS FLASH IN RESPONSE...
GOOD WORK! I CAN FEEL HER ALTERING COURSE UNDER ME!
BUT LOOK AT THAT... IT'S GETTING HOT!

THEN COMES AN INTERRUPTION OF SNARLING TEETH AND SLASHING CLAWS...
AAARGH!
GRRRRR!
SUDDENLY.....
THE WOLF'S VANISHING... AND THE LIGHT'S FINDING THE OTHER WOLVES... AND IT'S MAKING THEM VANISH TOO!
QUICK... BACK TO THE GALASPHERE... IN CASE THAT LIGHT PICKS ON US!
SAFELY BACK IN GALASPHERE, HAGGERTY EXPLAINS WHAT HE THINKS IS THE ANSWER TO THE MYSTERIOUS WORLD WITHOUT MEN...
...A FAULT IN THE CONTROL PANEL FIRES OUT A STRANGE ENERGY... ONE OF THE ORIGINAL CREWMEN MUST HAVE BEEN HIT BY IT... THEN IT HUNTED OUT ALL THE OTHERS, JUST AS WE SAW IT HUNT AND KILL THE WOLVES!
SO THAT'S HOW IT BECAME A WORLD WITHOUT MEN... STILL RUNNING ON ITS AUTOMATIC MACHINERY! IT'S A GOOD JOB WE DIVERTED IT AWAY FROM EARTH!
'TIS SO! AND BUT FOR THAT ANIMAL KNOCKING YOU OFF THAT SEAT, WE WOULD NOT BE HERE TO TELL THE TALE!

TV TERRORS teasers

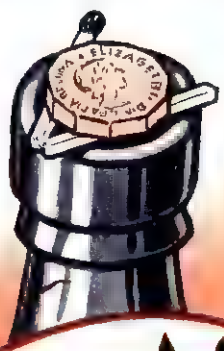


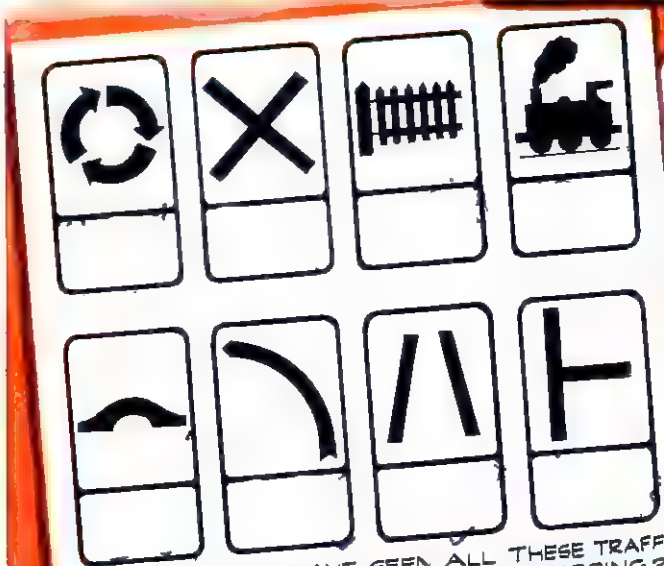
1. WHICH OF THESE OBJECTS DO YOU CONNECT WITH THESE TOWNS?:- AXMINSTER, BANBURY, NOTTINGHAM, STILTON, WHITSTABLE.



2. WHICH PATH MUST HOPPIT TAKE TO REACH SPOT?

3. ARRANGE A COIN ON A BENT MATCH OVER THE MOUTH OF A BOTTLE LIKE THIS. NOW WITHOUT TOUCHING ANY OF THEM MAKE THE COIN DROP INTO THE BOTTLE.



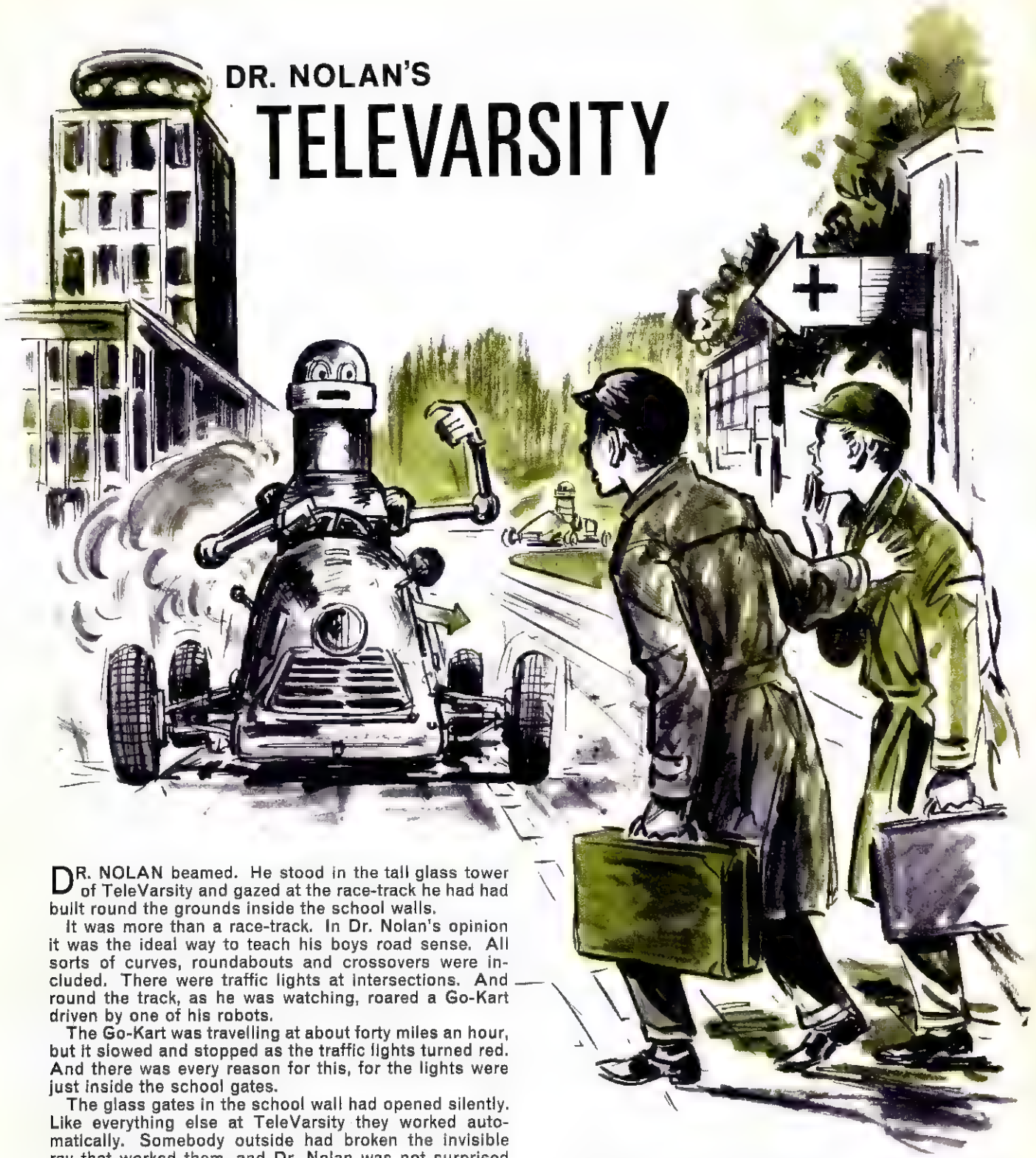


4. YOU MUST HAVE SEEN ALL THESE TRAFFIC SIGNS. CAN YOU FILL IN THE WORDING?

5. A BABY GOAT IS CALLED A KID. DO YOU KNOW THE NAMES OF THE YOUNG OF THE OTHER ANIMALS HERE?

ANSWERS:- No1 CHEESE - STILTON, LACE - NOTTINGHAM, CARPET - AXMINSTER. OYSTER - WHITSTABLE. CAKE - BANBURY.
No3. A FEW DROPS OF WATER ON THE MATCH WHERE IT IS BENT WILL DO THE TRICK.
No4. ROUNDABOUT. CROSS-ROADS. LEVEL CROSSING. CROSSING NO GATES. HUMP BRIDGE. BEND. ROAD NARROWS. ROAD JUNCTION.
No5. HORSE - FOAL. HARE - LEVERET. SWAN - CYGNET. FOX - CUB.

DR. NOLAN'S TELEVARSITY



DR. NOLAN beamed. He stood in the tall glass tower of TeleVarsity and gazed at the race-track he had had built round the grounds inside the school walls.

It was more than a race-track. In Dr. Nolan's opinion it was the ideal way to teach his boys road sense. All sorts of curves, roundabouts and crossovers were included. There were traffic lights at intersections. And round the track, as he was watching, roared a Go-Kart driven by one of his robots.

The Go-Kart was travelling at about forty miles an hour, but it slowed and stopped as the traffic lights turned red. And there was every reason for this, for the lights were just inside the school gates.

The glass gates in the school wall had opened silently. Like everything else at TeleVarsity they worked automatically. Somebody outside had broken the invisible ray that worked them, and Dr. Nolan was not surprised to see that this was George Bodger, followed by his pal William Boodle.

Bodger and Boodle were returning from the holidays.

" C-c-c-crumbs!" Boodle stuttered. " This is something new, Bodge!"

Bodger was blinking. Bodger was the sort of fellow who always " bodged " things, but he knew enough not to cross a road without looking both ways.

The Go-Kart, with the robot driver, was still waiting. Also, the driver raised an arm and beckoned them across.

Bodger and Boodle crossed the new road in TeleVarsity and the Go-Kart roared off behind them.

" What's all this?" Bodger demanded.

Boodle couldn't tell him. But Dr. Nolan's voice came clearly from a loudspeaker in the wall.

" Welcome back to school, boys. You have passed the first test in our new scheme of Road Sense Examinations. When you are fully qualified, you will be eligible for our great Summer Road Race."

Bodger and Boodle could hardly believe their ears.

At that moment, however, another Go-Kart came tearing into view, and this time Pete, the PT robot, who was now painted blue and wearing a policeman's helmet, trundled out into the middle of the track. Pete raised his arm to stop the Go-Kart. The school gates slid open again and in poured a whole crowd of boys.

Like Bodger and Boodle, they stared blankly at the new road, then hurried across in front of the robot " policeman". The same thing happened as before. Dr. Nolan was introducing his boys to their Road-Sense Tests!

There was great excitement in the school that evening. Kane and Grogan, the bullies of the Fifth, were determined that they should be the first to pass the driving test.

" It stands to reason," said Kane loudly. " We're a lot older than you fellows, so we know more about it."

" Who says you do?" snorted Bodger.

" Easy there, fellows," grinned Tom Ranger, the school captain. " Nobody knows who'll pass the test until they've passed it."

From that moment every boy at TeleVarsity was determined to learn the rule of the road.

Books were found and studied at great length.

" These Go-Karts can't half go fast!" Bodger said loudly in the common-room.

" Bodger," said Dr. Nolan coldly, " speed is not the essence of good driving."

" Nunno, sir," Bodger gulped.

Dr. Nolan gazed severely round the room.

" There are only six cars," he said, " so only six boys will be able to take part in the race. And the boys chosen will be those who are the most careful drivers."

During the following week there was so much " careful driving " it was almost painful to watch. Bodger lost a point because he jammed on his brakes too hard as the traffic lights turned red, while Kane and Grogan lost two points because they not only collided but nearly had a fight about it as well.

Dr. Nolan's Go-Karts were very different from the ordinary kind. They were properly enclosed, painted in six different colours—and were fitted with mirrors and all the gadgets of a full-size car.

Grogan was getting furious. The most he could afford to lose was five points, and he lost another two the following day. This was because he stepped off on to a pedestrian crossing without making sure that the driver intended to stop.

Bully Grogan brooded. If he lost one more point he would be out of the race entirely.

The leaders so far were: Tom Ranger and Boodle, first (no points lost); Butch, the American, Digger Cobley, the Australian and Bodger, second (one point down); Obo Romo, the African, Tich Wallis, Blenkinsop, Carter, Grainger, Johnson and Timpkins, third (three points down). So Bully Grogan had every reason to worry.

" We're out of the race, Kane," he growled. " And it's all your fault."

" I like that!" Kane snorted. " You're lower than me because you don't know how to cross the road."

" Never mind that," Bully growled. " I want to drive on it—not cross it. And we're both out, anyway, unless we can pass the final character test."

This was the big test that would really decide the matter. To make up for unfortunate accidents, for which nobody could be to blame, Dr. Nolan intended to use the Electronic Brain. The Electronic Brain—or Erb, as it was known to the boys—could not fail in Dr. Nolan's opinion. It took everything into account. How a boy behaved in school, how he spoke to his headmaster, how he treated

his pals—everything. *And Bully Grogan was relying on this to put him back into the race crew.*

Bully Grogan was still worried. He put on his best behaviour, saying "Yes, please" and "No, thank you," but it didn't seem to have much effect. Being a bully by nature, he couldn't make anybody believe he was serious.

"After you, Tich," he said one day, as the two boys met at the travelator.

"After you, Bully," said Tich politely, backing a step.

"I said after you, you little twerp," said Bully fiercely. "Can't you understand plain English?"

But Tich backed another step. He had been clipped on the ear too often by Bully to get in front of him.

At that Grogan lost his temper. He seized Tich by his coat collar and shoved him on first in spite of his struggles, determined to be polite at all costs.

The result was unfortunate. Tich gave a howl and lost his footing, stumbling forward just as Dr. Nolan came out of his study. The headmaster happened to be in a hurry, and he was not expecting two boys to be struggling right outside his door.

Who was to blame he did not know. But he only avoided stepping on Tich by falling over Bully. And Dr. Nolan was not pleased about it.

"Wallis! Grogan!" he shouted. "Lose three points each. I will mark your cards immediately."

Dr. Nolan was referring to the cards that were fed into Erb to decide a boy's "character". He rose to his feet and stalked off into Big Hall to put his threat into effect.

"You big gump!" Tich gulped. "Take that for losing me three points."

"That" was a punch on the nose, which Tich leaped up to deliver, after which he went off at a high rate of speed.

Bully was now almost beyond hope. With another three points against him, he could not hope to get into the race. Dabbing at his nose, he staggered back into the Fifth formroom, where he thought deep thoughts.

"I'll do it somehow," he muttered, as a sudden idea occurred to him. "I'll get into that race somehow or other."

That night Bully lay awake in the dorm till all the other Fifth Formers were asleep. Then, moving quietly, he slipped out of bed and crept downstairs and into Big Hall.

It was in Big Hall that Erb, the Electronic Brain, had his quarters. Erb occupied the whole width of the room at one end. Grogan didn't know much about Erb, except that he was very sensitive and required careful adjustment.

Cautiously, Bully Grogan approached the "Brain". He felt his way along the panelled front until he came to a locked door.

With a piece of wire Bully succeeded in springing the

lock, after which he was busier still—turning all the knobs and dials inside! Bully's object was to throw Erb out of gear. If he could do that, there was no knowing who would come top in the character test—and Bully was trusting to luck that he might get a place!

Slamming the door, which automatically relocked itself, Bully crept away with a grin on his face.

"Anyway," he said to himself. "There'll be some fun in the morning."

The morning was bright and sunny. Bodger leaped out of bed in excitement as he remembered that it was the day of the great race.

Everyone was feeling excited. Even Dr. Nolan was early astir. Quite a number of people had been invited to see the Go-Kart race, including one of the school governors, Sir John.

Sir John rolled up before breakfast in his big car, and there was some confusion as he entered the gates and tried to cross the race track. Pete, the PT robot, was on duty there, and Pete acted rather strangely. Instead of signalling Sir John across, he rumbled round to the door and hauled the unfortunate governor out of his seat.

Bonk!

That was Pete's gloved fist squashing Sir John's bowler over his ears. Picking him up, the robot trundled away to the entrance hall, where he dropped Sir John on the floor in front of an astonished Dr. Nolan. Then saluting, Pete rumbled back to the race track.

This unlooked-for occurrence should have warned Dr. Nolan that there was something wrong somewhere, but the headmaster was too concerned with the remarks Sir John was making.

"Really, Sir John," he gulped, as the governor struggled furiously to his feet. "My robots are governed entirely by the electronic brain. They cannot possibly make a mistake."

"Gar!" said Sir John, removing his hat (which had a dent in it). "It's always the same when I come to this place. I'm usually lucky to get out of it alive."

"Please restrain yourself, sir," said Dr. Nolan primly. "I have invited you today to see fair play. If you will permit me, I will lead you now to our electronic brain to see that our racing drivers are chosen without favouritism."

Sir John was somewhat appeased. He was a pompous little man, and he could smell breakfast cooking. Breakfast this morning was something special, consisting of ham, eggs, kidneys, liver, bacon and/or kippers. He accompanied Dr. Nolan to Big Hall.

Solemnly Dr. Nolan pressed the switch that set Erb in motion. Almost immediately a shower of cards fell out into the tray beside him. Dr. Nolan picked up the cards and handed them to Sir John.

"Kindly read out the names of the first six, Sir John," he said. "They are to be our racing drivers today."

Sir John's voice boomed out.

"Number One—Conky Jones. Who's that?" he asked.

Dr. Nolan appeared to cross his eyes.

" Er—really, I think it is one of the little boys in the Third."

" Number Two," Sir John boomed on, " Tin-Can Tommy. I say, Nolan, is this a joke?"

Dr. Nolan was bewildered.

" Er—Tin-Can Tommy is the name some of the boys give to my—er—smaller robots. But—but—"

" No buts, Nolan. You've asked me to see fair play and I'm going to do so. Number Three," he went on, " Dr. Nolan." Sir John blinked at the headmaster. " Do you consider yourself a good driver, Nolan?"

Dr. Nolan was speechless. Erb was printing the most unexpected names. Fortunately, Number Four was Sir John himself, and the little man swelled with pride.

" Now that's a really sensible choice," he snorted.

Numbers Five and Six were Bodger and Tom Ranger, Bully Grogan being nowhere at all, although it was Grogan's handiwork that had caused the muddle.

In something of a daze Dr. Nolan led his guest into breakfast, and it was still in a daze that he found himself being fitted into one of the Go-Karts he had designed for the boys. Sir John was in the red one beside him, while Bodger had a blue one on the outside track.

Pete, the PT robot, held the checquered flag to start them, and all Pete was waiting for was the time-signal that would set everything in motion. The whole race was being controlled automatically by robots, who were themselves controlled by the Electronic Brain. And nobody, as yet, had realized what Grogan had done to it!

At the first bell the drivers started their engines. At the second bell they crouched over the wheel. Then, as the third bell went, down came Pete's flag and away they went.

A thunderous cheer arose as the cars whizzed off, even Grogan forgetting his rage as he saw Dr. Nolan wobbling violently near Sir John. Robots were everywhere, signalling at corners and waiting in the "pits", but none of them seemed to be quite themselves.

It was Erb that was at fault. Erb was still sending out the wrong orders by radio!

As the six cars went roaring into a bend, Pete suddenly rushed out in front of them to stop the traffic. The only one he stopped, however, was Sir John, who hit the padded robot and bounced off him, Pete spinning for a while until he got his radar working again. Then he seized Sir John and bellowed from his microphone:

" To the guardroom! Arrest this man!"

That was the first one down!

The five other cars went speeding on, Dr. Nolan so bewildered he was right behind, until another little robot dropped a kind of frontier pole in front of him and the headmaster got left behind entirely.

Cr-r-r-r-runch!

That was another car out of the race. Out rushed the ambulance robots, and Dr. Nolan was carried off and fed with medicine, which he didn't want, but couldn't stop.

Six Go-Karts had started, but now there were only four. And presently, as they came round for the second lap, there were only three. Pete had signalled one of them the wrong way, and Conky Jones had ended up in a blackberry bush.

The onlookers cheered.

"Go it, Bodger!" they roared.
"Keep it up, Tom!"
"Come on, Tin-Can Tommy."

Tin-Can Tommy was doing well. He side-swiped Tom Ranger, causing Tom to spin round and go the other way, after which he roared after Bodger, who was in the lead.

Bodger was determined to win. He could not understand why everybody was laughing, and when the little robot driver came alongside him, Bodger just kept grimly straight on. The result was that Tin-Can Tommy did a kind of spin, and his car swerved completely off the track.

Fortunately, nobody was standing near it, although Bully Grogan was not far away. Bully was laughing himself silly at his wheeze to upset Erb, but his laughter ceased abruptly as Tin-Can Tommy headed his Go-Kart straight towards him.

The robot had got Bully on his radar screen, and Bully had to run for his life.

That left Bodger, or one little Go-Kart, still speeding round the track, and Bodger was beginning to wonder when he would reach the winning post. His arms were aching with the strain of spinning the wheel. But, owing to the confusion Bully had caused, no winning post was in sight! The robots who had the job of raising it simply weren't with it!

Poor Bodger went on tearing round the track. Until he could see a winning post, he wasn't going to stop. And what would have happened if Dr. Nolan had not come to the rescue is a bit of a mystery.

Freeing himself from the ambulance robots, who were now trying to rub him with hair-oil, Dr. Nolan staggered across to the track and pressed the button that raised the winning post. As this rose ahead of him, Bodger thankfully switched off his engine and leaned over the steering wheel like a member of the Oxford crew at the end of the Boat Race.

"Groo-o-o-oooogh!" he gasped feebly. "Who's won?"

This was a problem. But, as Bodger was the only one who had stayed the course, he was declared the winner.

"And when I find out who has been interfering with my arrangements," said Dr. Nolan fiercely, "there will be a real loser."

He did not know it was Bully Grogan—and he never found out. But this did not matter, for Bully had suffered enough. Tin-Can Tommy had chased him all over the grounds. It was only by climbing a tree, in fact, that Bully had at last evaded him.

So, late that night, after waiting till the robot's batteries had run down, Bully staggered back to college—unfortunately too late for supper . . .

THE END

TELEGOON'S GREAT
HERE'S A REAL BARGAIN, FOLKS, THE VERY ELECTRIC GUITAR NERO PLAYED WHILE ROME BURNED
WHY HAVE Y STUCK L IN YOUR ECCL
WHAT DID THE REST OF HIS GROUP DO?
STEVENSON'S ROCKET
WELSH LEEK
MADE IN WALES
EARLY ENGLISH MUG
PLYMOUTH HOE
EARLY ENGLISH CONKER
BALLPOINT PEN
FOUNTAIN PEN
ONE OF THE FIRST ENGLISH RULERS
GOLF SOCKS 18 HOLES EACH
SELF RAISING FLOUR
INSTANT CURE FOR SMOKING
TOOTH PICK
EARLY BOTTLE OPENER
WATER
EGYPTIAN MUMMY
LAST POST
CROSS BOW
LAUNDRY
WHAT KING JOHN LOST IN THE WASH
HALF PENNY
THE LOST CHORD
KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE SLIGHTLY WORN ROUND EDGES

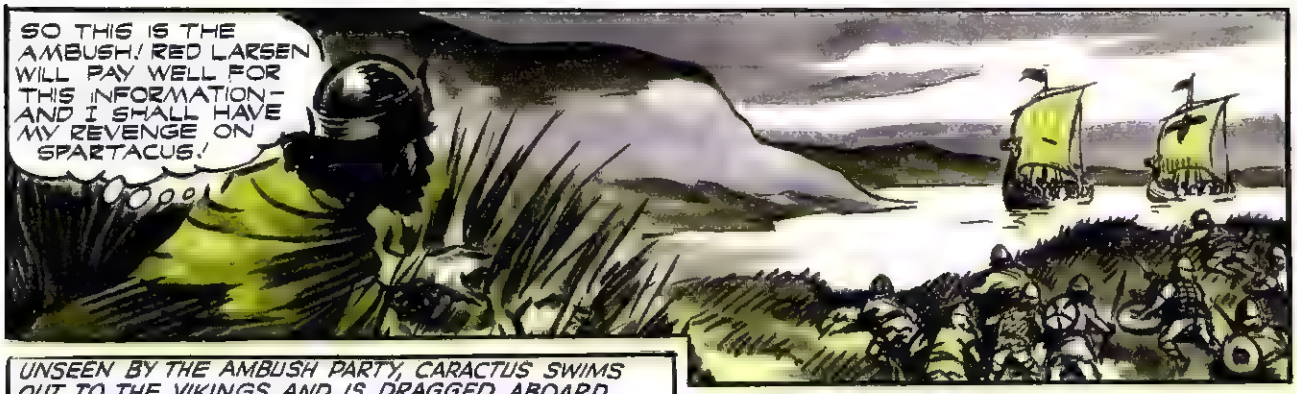
JUMBLE SALE
BUY NOW!
1965
OF COURSE IT'S STILL WET— IT'S THE LAST ONE HE PAINTED!
YOU'VE HEARD OF HEARING AIDS- WELL, I'M SELLING LEMON AIDS!
ARE YOU SURE THIS IS A REMBRANDT... THE PAINT'S STILL WET!
TV COMIC EVERY MONDAY
1066
1900
GENUINE REMBRANDT
GENUINE DATE TREE
CHRISTMAS DAY 25th. DEC.
A DARK NIGHT
CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE
ADAM'S APPLE
LEFT HANDED CUP
DO THESE PARACHUTES WORK, MISTER?
CHEAP PARACHUTES
WELL, I'VE HAD NO ONE COMING BACK TO COMPLAIN YET.
WALKING STICK
FIRE BUCKET
FOOTBALL POOLS
JAIL BIRD
BILL TITCOMBE

the TERROR of the LONG-Ships
OF ALL THE INVADERS WHO EVER DARED TO ATTACK BRITAIN, NONE WERE MORE FEARED THAN THE FIERCE VIKINGS IN THEIR LONG-SHIPS.
AND RED LARSEN WAS THE MOST SAVAGE OF THEM ALL...
BURN EVERY HOUSE TO THE GROUND! THESE BRITONS MUST LEARN TO RESPECT US!
AS THE VIKINGS' SHIPS DISAPPEARED OVER THE HORIZON A COUNCIL OF WAR WAS HELD.
I SAY WE MUST REBUILD OUR TOWN OF COLVIUM BACK IN THE MARSHES AND FENLANDS. THEN WE SHALL HAVE PLENTY OF WARNING IF THE NORSEMEN COME AGAIN!
AND I SAY THAT IS WOMAN'S TALK! THIS MAN IS MY HALF BROTHER... BUT I SAY HE IS A COWARD!
ME... A COWARD! BY THE GODS, THERE IS NOT ROOM FOR BOTH OF US IN THIS LAND! WE SHALL DECIDE NOW WHO SHALL LEAD OUR PEOPLE...
HE HAS FALLEN INTO MY TRAP!

BY TRADITION BOTH MEN ARE GIVEN EQUAL WEAPONS.
CARACTUS HAS PAID ME WELL TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT SPARTACUS IS HANDED A FAULTY SWORD.
THE FIGHT IS LONG AND FIERCE. BUT SLOWLY SPARTACUS GETS ON TOP..
...GASP!... THAT OLD FOOL!... HE MUST HAVE GIVEN SPARTACUS A GOOD SWORD.
THEN, WITH CARACTUS AT HIS MERCY...
AGH! MY SWORD HAS BROKEN!
AIEEE! SPARTACUS IS DOOMED!
DIE, SPARTACUS! NOW I SHALL BE THE TRUE CHIEFTAIN!
AAHH! WHAT STRENGTH! SPARTACUS HAS THE STRENGTH OF A GOD!

SEE WHAT A COWARD CARACTUS IS./ HE WAS AFRAID OF A FAIR FIGHT— SO HE ARRANGED FOR ME TO HAVE A FAULTY SWORD./
KILL THE COWARDLY DOG./
NO/ LET HIM LIVE./ WE SHALL NEED EVERY MAN IN OUR FIGHT AGAINST THE MEN OF THE LONG-SHIPS./ HE SHALL HAVE THE CHANCE TO PROVE HIMSELF A MAN ONCE MORE./
YOU HAVE NOT WON THE FINAL VICTORY YET, BROTHER./ I SHALL TAKE MY REVENGE ONE DAY!
...THE NEW TOWN IS FINISHED JUST AS THE WINTER STORMS SET IN...

BUT THE WINTER STORMS DID NOT DETER THE VIKINGS...
BUT THIS TIME THE BRITONS ARE READY...
BY THE GODS, WE WERE RIGHT TO LISTEN TO YOU, SPARTACUS. WITH THESE WARNING TOWERS WE NOW HAVE TIME TO PREPARE FOR BATTLE WITH THE BARBARIANS IN THE LONG-SHIPS!
THAT NIGHT THE MEN OF THE TOWNSHIP STAND BY IN THEIR STOCKADE DEFENCES...
WE ARE READY! RED LARSEN WILL BURN HIS FINGERS THIS TIME!
AYE, AND WHEN THEY RETREAT, OUR AMBUSH IS WAITING FOR THEM.
NO ONE HAS SEEN ME... NOW I MUST FIND RED LARSEN AND WARN HIM OF THE AMBUSH!


SO THIS IS THE AMBUSH! RED LARSEN WILL PAY WELL FOR THIS INFORMATION— AND I SHALL HAVE MY REVENGE ON SPARTACUS!

UNSEEN BY THE AMBUSH PARTY, CARACTUS SWIMS OUT TO THE VIKINGS AND IS DRAGGED ABOARD...
THIS DOG OF A BRITON SAYS HE CAN HELP US TO DESTROY OUR ENEMIES, O CHIEF!
IT IS TRUE, SIRE! I CAN SHOW YOU THE AMBUSH THAT AWAITS YOUR MEN!

HELP US TO VICTORY, AND MUCH GOLD AND LAND SHALL BE YOURS! BETRAY US, AND YOUR REWARD SHALL BE THIS COLD STEEL!

THE VIKINGS ARE UPON THE BRITONS BEFORE THEY CAN CRY OUT...

THE BRITONS FIGHT TO THE LAST MAN...
NOW, THE BRITONS IN THEIR FORTRESS WILL PLEAD FOR MERCY!

THE GRIM NEWS IS BROUGHT TO SPARTACUS...
BAD NEWS, SPARTACUS! THE VIKINGS DEMAND OUR SURRENDER! THEY CLAIM TO HAVE WIPED OUT OUR AMBUSH PARTY.
SURRENDER, SPARTACUS! YOU HAVE NO HOPE NOW. YOUR BEST FIGHTING MEN HAVE BEEN SLAIN!
FOR ONCE HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH! THAT IS THE STANDARD OF GOFFRA, THE CAPTAIN OF OUR AMBUSH!
DIE, YOU CUR! WE SHALL NOT SURRENDER!
THE VIKINGS ARE KEEN TO ATTACK, BUT THE CUNNING LEADER HOLDS THEM BACK.
LET US ATTACK AND FINISH THE BRITONS!
WAIT! WHY SHOULD WE WASTE OUR MENS' LIVES? IN A FEW DAYS THEY WILL BE SHORT OF FOOD AND WEAK - THEN THEY WILL BE EASY VICTIMS!
WHY DO THE NORSEMEN HOLD BACK? PERHAPS THEY HAVE NO STOMACH FOR FIGHTING IN THE RAIN!
NO, CHIEF, THEY ARE HOPING TO WEAKEN US FIRST FROM HUNGER! BUT WHEN THEY ENTER THEY WILL FIND US GONE!

UNDER COVER OF THE TORRENTIAL STORM THE GARRISON SLIPS INTO THE NIGHT...
WHY DO WE MARCH THIS WAY, SPARTACUS? IF WE CAN CROSS THESE SHALLOW WATERS SO CAN THE VIKINGS!
WE ARE TOO FEW TO FACE THE VIKINGS ALONE SO WE MUST LINK UP WITH OUR BROTHERS TO THE NORTH. BESIDES, HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN WHAT DAY IT IS TODAY?
THIS IS THE DAY OF THE GREAT TIDAL BORE- THAT GREAT WALL OF WATER WHICH THE GODS SEND ROARING UP THE ESTUARY TO CLEANSE THE RIVERS!
SO THE VIKINGS WILL BE STOPPED FROM CROSSING AFTER US FOR AT LEAST A DAY! TRULY YOU ARE A GREAT LEADER, SPARTACUS!
MEANWHILE...
THEY ARE GONE, O CHIEF! THE BRITONS HAVE FLED IN THE NIGHT...!
THEY'VE CROSSED THE SHALLOW WATERS, O CHIEF, AND ARE HEADING NORTHWARDS!
THEN WE SHALL PURSUE THEM! THEY SHALL BE DESTROYED BEFORE THE SUN SETS TONIGHT!
WELL, BRITON, OUR SWORDS WILL SOON BE FEASTING AMONG YONDER RABBLE! AND YOU WILL BE A CHIEF AT LAST!

BUT CARACTUS DOES NOT HEAR THE VIKING CHIEF. HE IS LISTENING TO ANOTHER SOUND...
THAT NOISE... IT IS THE TIDAL BORE APPROACHING!
WE MUST NOT TRY TO CROSS, SIRE! THAT IS THE FLOOD WATER SWEEPING ALONG!
SO YOUR COURAGE FAILS AT THE LAST MOMENT, BRITON? NO MATTER YOU HAVE SERVED YOUR PURPOSE NOW DIE!
THE VIKINGS CHARGE ACROSS...
TOO LATE THEY SEE THE HUGE TIDAL WAVE RUSHING TOWARDS THEM...
AGH! WE ARE DOOMED!
WE SHALL BE READY WITH EVEN STRONGER WALLS IF THE PIRATES RAID AGAIN!
AYE! AND IF IT PLEASES THE GODS... THIS TIME THERE WILL BE NO TRAITOR WITHIN OUR RANKS!

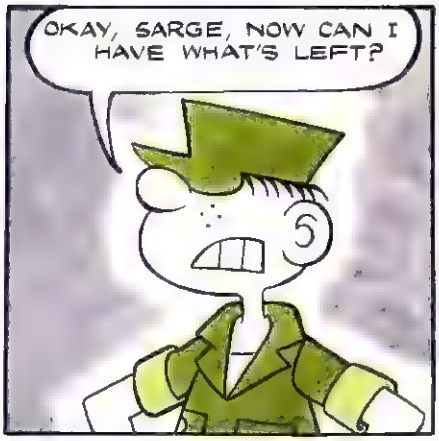
FOO FOO and GOGO

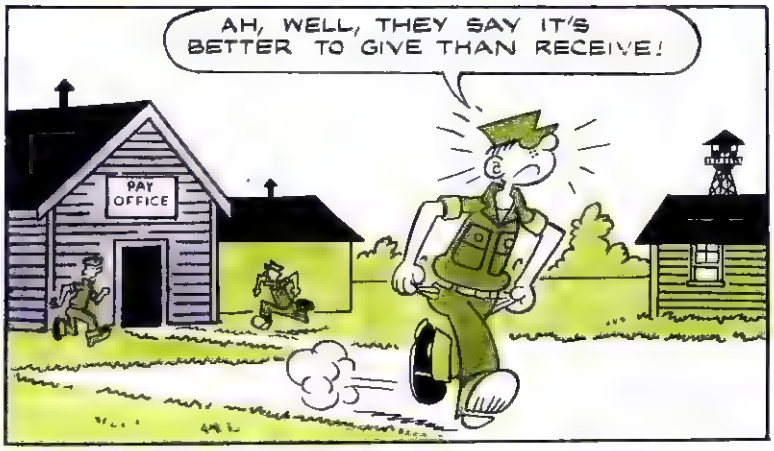
by Halas and Batchelor

THAT'S FOR ME!
WHY SHIVER THIS WINTER? TAKE A CRUISE TO THE SUNNY SOUTH SEA ISLANDS!
I MUST PACK MY BAGS RIGHT NOW!
HE'S ALWAYS GETTING SWANKY IDEAS — I MUST THINK OF SOMETHING...
AT THE DOCKS...
SOUTH SEA ISLANDS CRUISE DEPARTS 3·00PM
ARCTIC EXPEDITION — VOLUNTEERS WANTED. APPLY NOW
AHA! I'M GETTING AN IDEA HOW TO FIX HIM — HEH. HEH! HEH!
I'LL SWITCH THESE BOARDS OVER!
SOUTH SEA ISLANDS CRUISE. DEPARTS 3·00PM.
ARCTIC EXPEDITION — VOLUNTEERS WANTED. APPLY NOW
SOON...
SOUTH SEA ISLANDS CRUISE. DEPARTS 3·00PM.
HEH! HEH! THAT SHOULD COOL HIM OFF A BIT!
NOW HE'S ON BOARD, I'LL PUT THE NOTICES BACK AS THEY WERE...
SOUTH SEA ISLANDS CRUISE. DEPARTS 3·00PM.
HEY!
INTERFERING WITH THE NOTICES, EH? WELL, WE NEED A FEW VOLUNTEERS — GET ABOARD, LADDIE!
YEOW!
BOP!
SUMMER!
Y-YOU J-JUST C-CAN'T T-TRUST THE W-WEATHER THESE D-DAYS C-CAN YOU? BRR!

ADAPTED FROM ABC TELEVISION'S SERIES "FOO FOO"

BEETLE BAILEY





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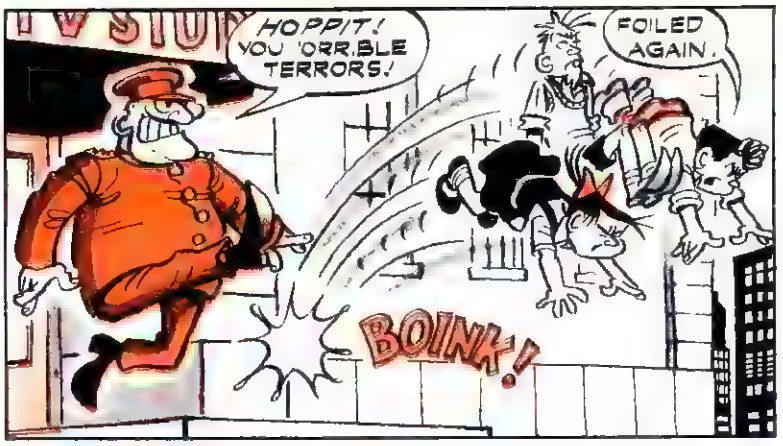
MIGHTY MOTH
I'M FROM THE MOTH REMOVING COMPANY.
GOOD. COME IN.
I'LL GO FOR A WALK WHILE YOU GET ON WITH THE JOB!
SO...
G...GOSH! THAT'S DYNAMITE!
THIS LOOKS BAD!
FINISHED. NOW WHEN THE MOTH GOES FOR THE BAIT AND PULLS THE CORD HE'LL BE BLOWN SKY HIGH! NOW I'LL BE OFF.
LUCKY I HEARD HIM. BUT I HAVE A PLAN.
Dear S
LATER...
AH! THE WORKMAN HAS LEFT A NOTE!
Dear Sir, To get rid of moth, simply pull this cord.
HERE GOES. 'BYE-BYE, MOTH!
BANG!
JUST YOU WAIT TILL I SEE THAT WORKMAN! I WON'T PAY HIS BILL!
HO! HO! HO!

tv terrors

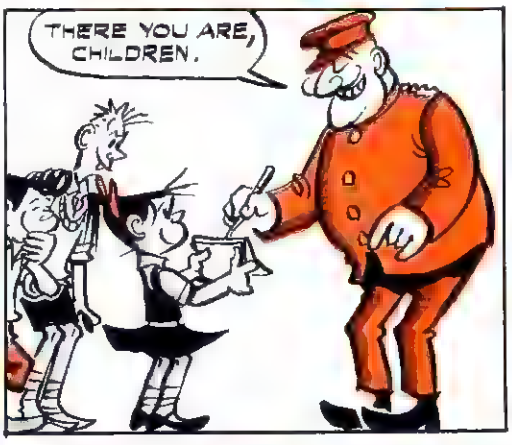

HOPPIT! YOU 'ORRIBLE TERRORS!
FOILED AGAIN.
BOINK!

BAH! WE'RE NOT GOING TO GET INTO THE STUDIO TODAY—I WISH OLD HOPPIT WOULD LEAVE HIS JOB!

SAY THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA — NOW LISTEN.....

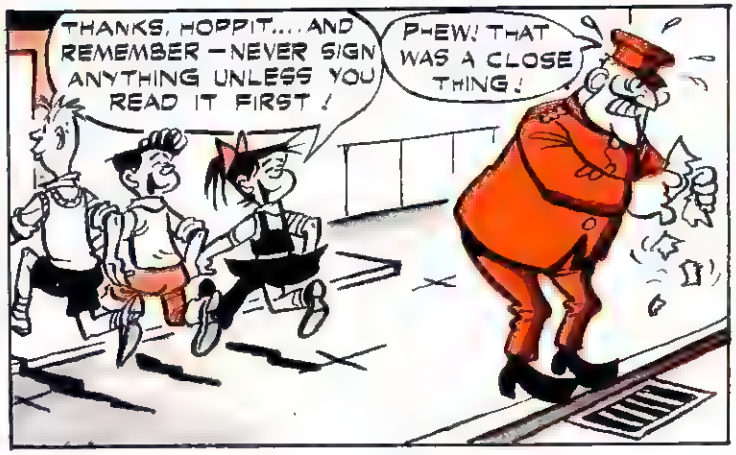
LATER...
MR. HOPPIT, SIR—WOULD YOU PLEASE GIVE US YOUR AUTOGRAPH FOR OUR COLLECTION OF FAMOUS NAMES?

ER... WHY OF COURSE!
'PRIDE

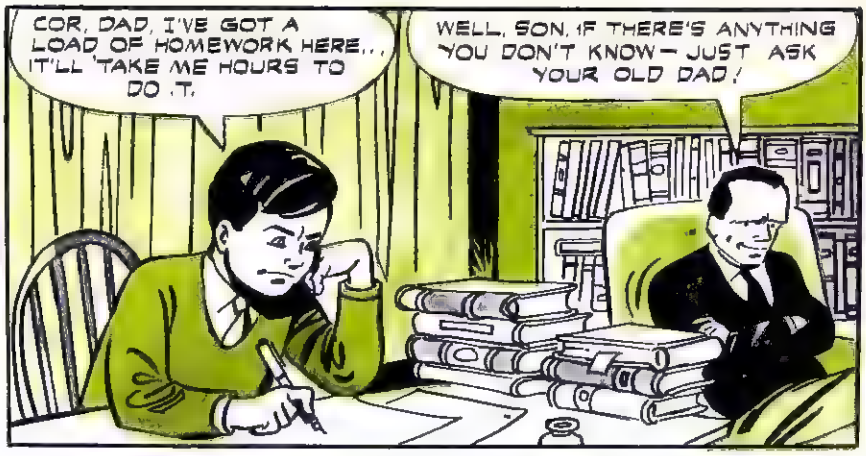

THERE YOU ARE, CHILDREN.

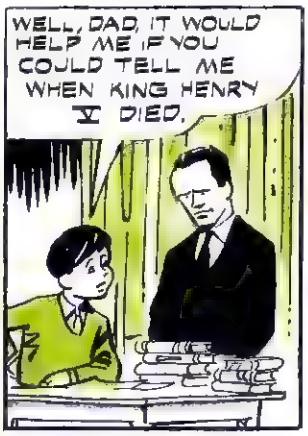
THANKS, HOPPIT... LOOK WHAT YOU SIGNED!
To the Boss of the TV STUDIOS
I wish to resign from my job signed
HOPPIT

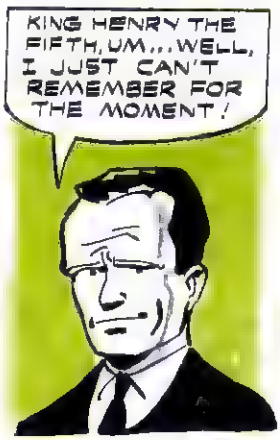
IF YOU LET US INTO THE STUDIO, HOPPIT... WE'LL GIVE IT BACK TO YOU!

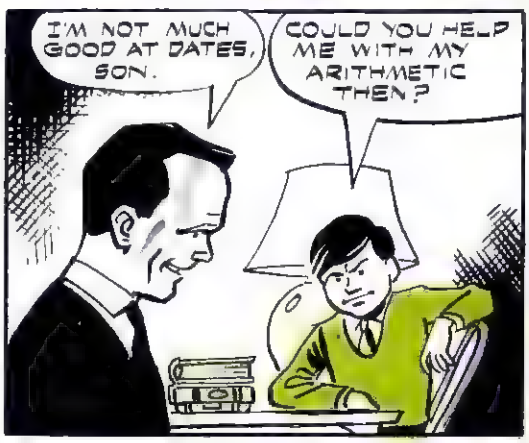

THANKS, HOPPIT.... AND REMEMBER—NEVER SIGN ANYTHING UNLESS YOU READ IT FIRST!
PHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE THING!

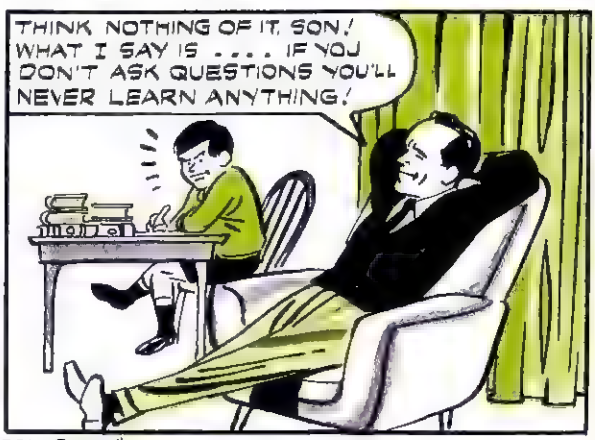
THE DICKIE HENDERSON FAMILY


COR, DAD, I'VE GOT A LOAD OF HOMEWORK HERE... IT'LL TAKE ME HOURS TO DO IT.
WELL, SON, IF THERE'S ANYTHING YOU DON'T KNOW — JUST ASK YOUR OLD DAD!









BASED ON THE REDIFFUSION TELEVISION SERIES "THE DICKIE HENDERSON SHOW."

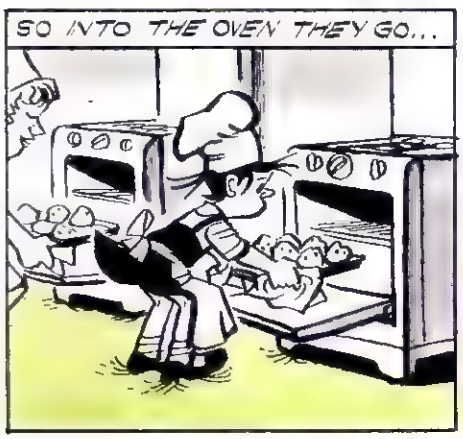
TV terrors

COOKERY CONTEST TOMORROW
YOU'RE A GOOD COOK, MONICA, WHY DON'T YOU ENTER?
GOSH, I THINK, I WILL!

NOW I WANT EACH OF YOU LADIES TO MAKE A PLATE OF ROCK CAKES!
?!

HEH! HEH! MONICA'S WILL BE ROCK, ALL RIGHT—BUT THEY WON'T BE CAKES!
BEST PLASTER
MRS SMITH
MONICA

WOW! IT'S GETTING VERY THICK QUICK..!


SO INTO THE OVEN THEY GO...

... AND LATER...
COO! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG WITH MY RECIPE!
PJING!

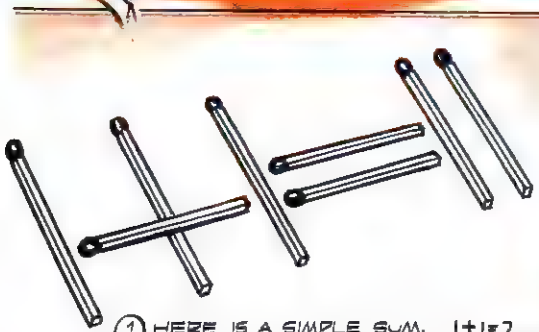
THEN...
OH, DEAR! THE JUDGE IS ILL AND CAN'T COME TODAY!

YOU'LL HAVE TO BE THE JUDGE, HOPPIT!

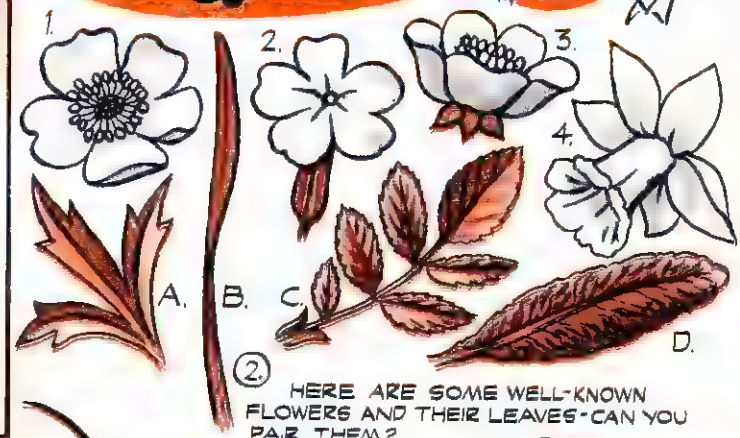
... EAT EVERY CRUMB, WE MUSN'T OFFEND OUR COMPETITORS!

HA! HA! MONICA'S CAKES HAVE CERTAINLY 'ROCKED' OLD HOPPIT!
OOER!
GROAN!
BEST PLASTER

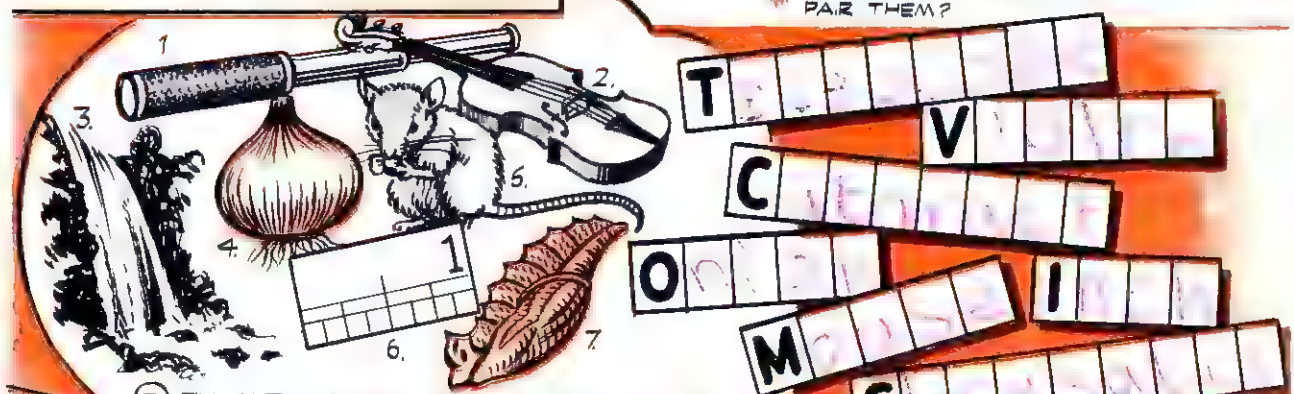
TV TERRORS teasers



(1) HERE IS A SIMPLE SUM, 1+1=2. NOW BY MOVING ONLY ONE MATCH MAKE A NEW SUM WHICH HAS A TOTAL OF 130.



(2) HERE ARE SOME WELL-KNOWN FLOWERS AND THEIR LEAVES - CAN YOU PAIR THEM?



(3) FILL IN THE MISSING LETTERS TO SOLVE THIS PICTURE-WORD PUZZLE.

(4) HOW MANY THINGS BEGINNING WITH 'B' CAN YOU FIND IN THIS PICTURE?

(5) ONLY TWO OF THESE PORTRAITS OF SPOT ARE ALIKE. CAN YOU SPOT THEM?

ANSWERS:-

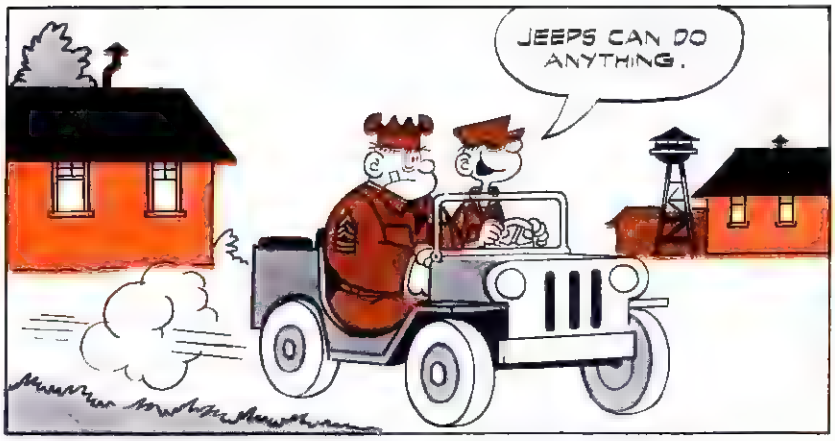
No1. MOVE THE TOP MATCH OF THE EQUALS SIGN SO THAT THE SUM READS 141-11. No2. 1. DOG ROSE - C. 2. PRIMROSE - D. 3. BUTTERCUP - A. 4. DAFFODIL - B.

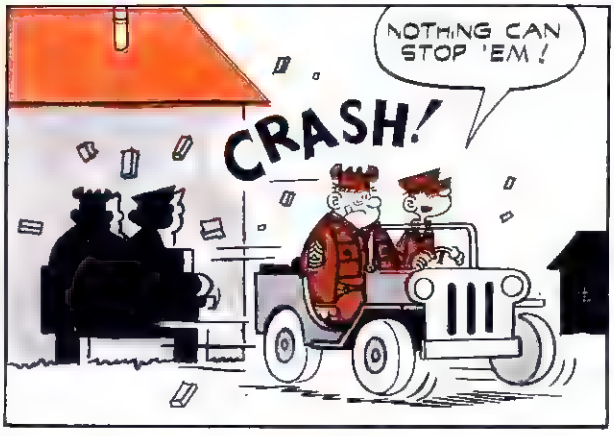
No3. 1. TELESCOPE. 2. VIOLIN. 3. CATARACT. 4. ONION. 5. MOUSE. 6. INCH. 7. CHRYSALIS.

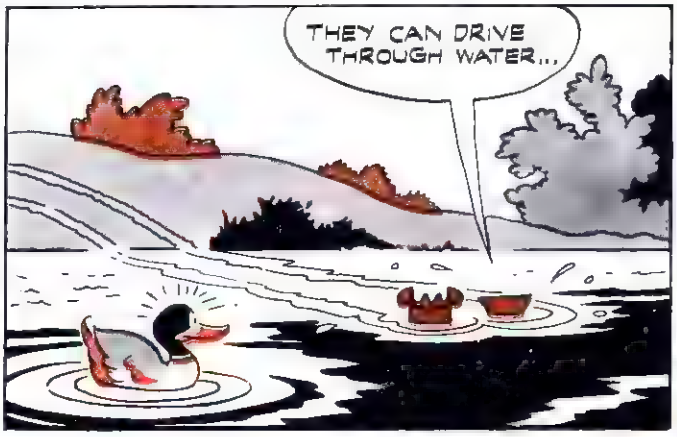
No4. BALLOON, BRIDGE, BOAT, BUOY, BUNGALOW, BARN, BONFIRE, BUTTONS, BANANA, BAG, BOOK, BASKET, BOTTLE, BOW, BOX, BALL, BREAD, BELT. CAN YOU FIND ANY MORE?

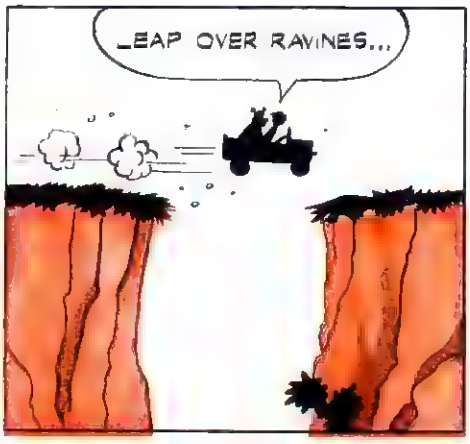
No5. NUMBERS 3 AND 7.

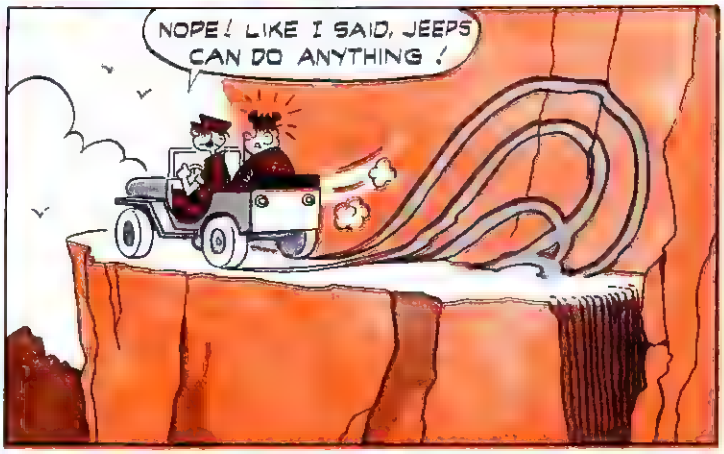
beetle bailey











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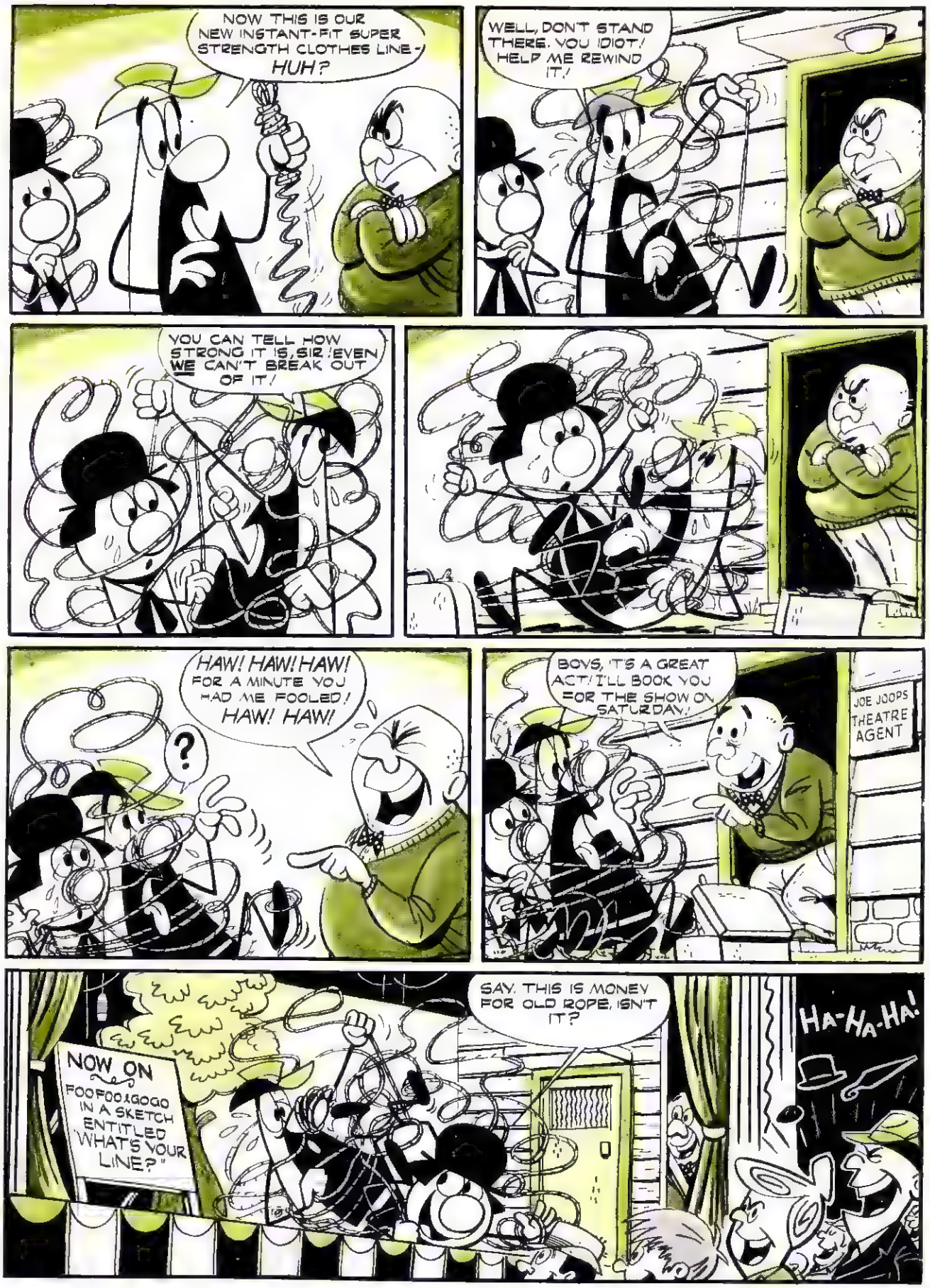
FOO FOO and GOGO
by Halas and Batchelor
THAT'S JUST THE JOB FOR US!
PEGGEMOUT CLOTHESLINE CO. LTD.
2 SALESMEN REQUIRED. APPLY WITHIN
I KNEW WE WOULD GET THE JOB. COME ON, LET'S TRY THIS HOUSE.
WELL? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
-ER (GULP) THIS IS OUR NEW EXTRA-STRONG CLOTHES LINE. YOU DO WASH, DON'T YOU?-ER I MEAN... (GULP)
OOPS!
MUST HAVE BEEN PACKED WRONGLY SIR. (GULP)-I'LL SOON HAVE IT SORTED OUT!
NOTHING LIKE BEING TIED UP IN YOUR WORK, (GULP) IS THERE? HA-HA! OOPH! PHEW!
OUT OF THE WAY, IDIOT! -ALLOW ME, SIR...

ADAPTED FROM ABC TELEVISION'S SERIES FOO FOO


NOW THIS IS OUR NEW INSTANT-FIT SUPER STRENGTH CLOTHES LINE - HUH?
WELL, DON'T STAND THERE, YOU IDIOT! HELP ME REWIND IT!
YOU CAN TELL HOW STRONG IT IS, SIR! EVEN WE CAN'T BREAK OUT OF IT!
HAW! HAW! HAW! FOR A MINUTE YOU HAD ME FOOLED! HAW! HAW!
?
BOYS, IT'S A GREAT ACT! I'LL BOOK YOU FOR THE SHOW ON SATURDAY!
JOE JOOPS THEATRE AGENT
NOW ON FOOFOO AGOGO IN A SKETCH ENTITLED "WHAT'S YOUR LINE?"
SAY, THIS IS MONEY FOR OLD ROPE, ISN'T IT?
HA-HA-HA!

TV terrors

YOU SHALL NOT PASS!

HOPPIT– LOOK, THERE'S A $5 NOTE BY YOUR FOOT!

EH? WHERE?
HA! HA! WE'VE TRICKED HIM!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK... HOPPIT!
WHAM!

OH, COME ON, HOPPIT... LET US IN, PLEASE!
NEVER!

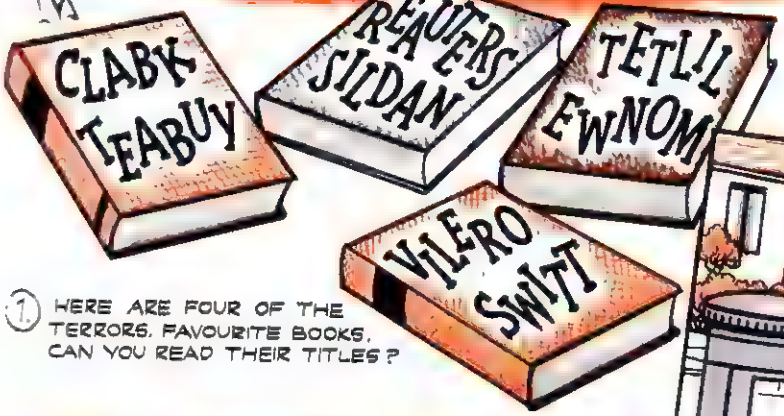
OOH! LOOK OUT— THERE'S A RUNAWAY BIKE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR YOU!

HA! HA! HA! YOU CAN'T CATCH ME WITH THAT OLD TRICK!

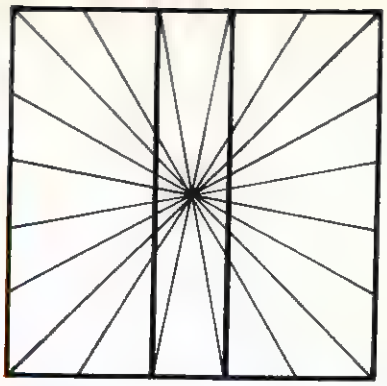
HELP!
WHOMP!

YOU HORRIBLE MAN! YOU JUST STOOD THERE LAUGHING... TAKE THAT!
SO LONG, HOPPIT! AFTER ALL— WE DID WARN YOU!

TV TERRORS teasers

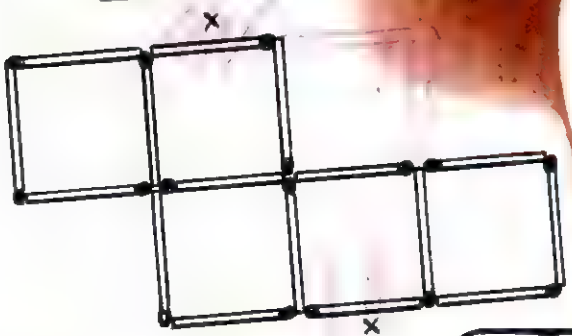


1. HERE ARE FOUR OF THE TERRORS' FAVOURITE BOOKS. CAN YOU READ THEIR TITLES?

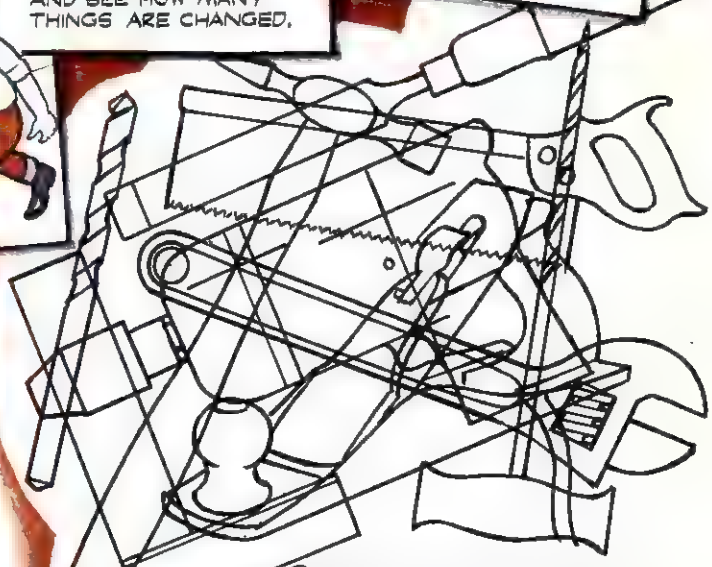


2. ARE THE TWO UPRIGHT LINES CURVED OR STRAIGHT?

3. LOOK CAREFULLY AT THE RIGHT HAND PICTURE AND SEE HOW MANY THINGS ARE CHANGED.



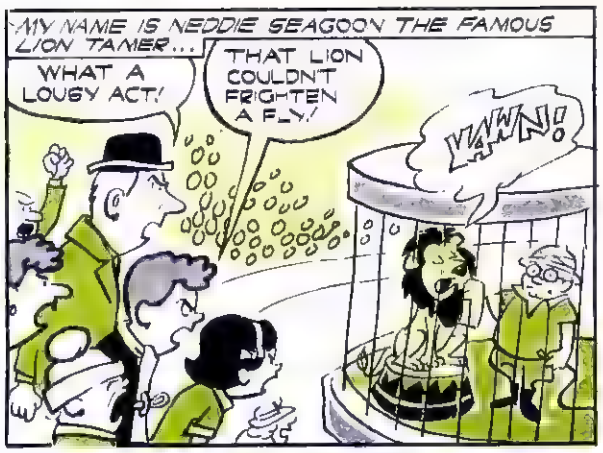
4. CAN YOU MOVE THE TWO MATCHES MARKED X AND MAKE FOUR SQUARES THE SAME SIZE AS THE OTHERS?

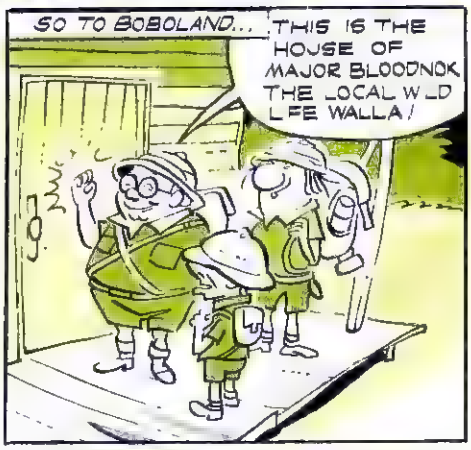


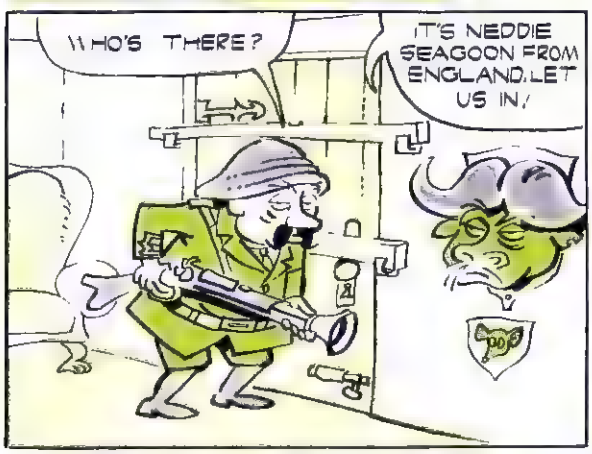
5. HOW MANY TOOLS CAN YOU SEE IN THIS JUMBLE?

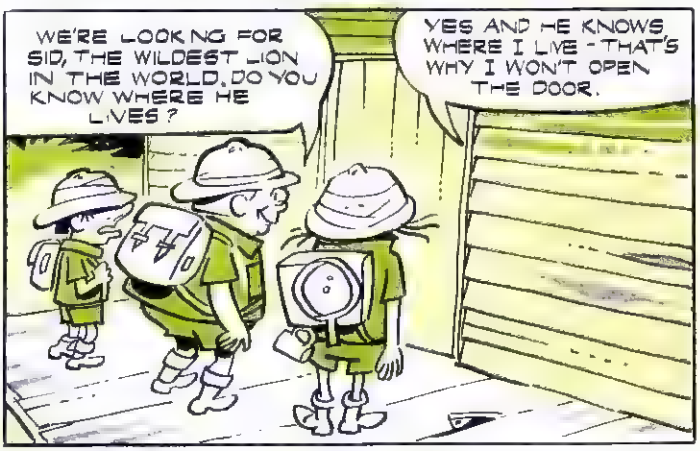
Nº1. BLACK BEAUTY, TREASURE ISLAND, LITTLE WOMEN, OLIVER TWIST Nº2 STRAIGHT.
Nº3. VAN, MIRROR AND DOORS, PILLAR BOX SLOT, INITIALS AND COLLECTION PLATE, RIDER'S GOGGLES, SPOT, MONICA, AND CUTHBERT HAVE ALSO BEEN ALTERED. SO HAVE THE WINDOWS ON ONE HOUSE AND THE FENCE OF THE OTHER. IF YOU LOOK CAREFULLY YOU MAY FIND SOME MORE -
Nº4. MOVE THE MATCHES TO GET
Nº5. NINE TOOLS.

THE TELEGOONS







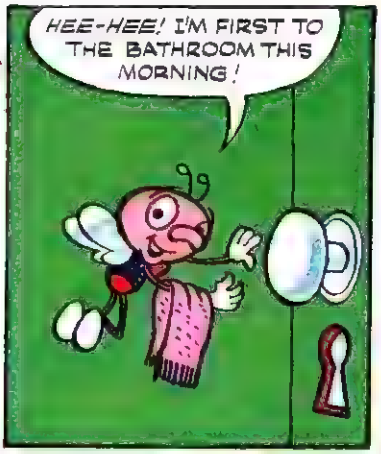

WE'RE LOOKING FOR SID, THE WILDEST LION IN THE WORLD. DO YOU KNOW WHERE HE LIVES?
YES AND HE KNOWS WHERE I LIVE - THAT'S WHY I WON'T OPEN THE DOOR.

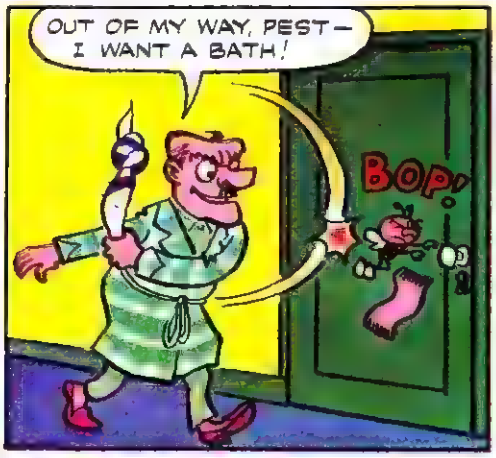
SLURP! SLURP!
THERE! NOW ALL WE NEED IS BAIT!
DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT, CAP'TAIN. I DON'T WANT TO BE BAIT FOR A FIERCE HUNGRY LION!
DON'T WORRY, LITTLE NERK, HE'LL NEVER REACH YOU. WE'LL HIDE HERE.
SO...
I CAN'T SEE HIM. MAYBE HE'S NOT COMING!
ROAR!
NEE-EEE
WELL DONE, BLUEBOTTLE. NOW WE'VE GOT HIM!
LATER, BACK IN ENGLAND...
HEY. WHY AREN'T YOU ROARING? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE FIERCEST LION IN THE WORLD!
WHY SHOULD I ROAR, OLD CHAP? I'VE GOT A COMFORTABLE CAGE- PLENTY OF GRUB -
BOO!
BOO!
YOU NO-GOOD MANGY LION! AFTER ALL THAT TRAVELLING I STILL HAVEN'T GOT AN ACT! WHY I'VE A GOOD MIND TO..!
LADEEES AND GENTLEMEN- A NEW SENSATIONAL ACT THE WILD MAN BEING TAMED BY THE GENTLE LION!
BACK, YOU BRUTE! BACK I SAY!

FOO FOO and GOGO
by Halas and Batchelor
HOW NICE TO BE OUT IN THE COUNTRY!
POP!
YOU AND YOUR TRIPS INTO THE COUNTRY! NOW LOOK WHAT HAS HAPPENED - THE ENGINE HAS BOILED DRY!
WE ARE STUCK HERE-THERE ISN'T A DROP OF WATER FOR MILES!
OH, NO? I CAN SEE A HOUSE OVER THERE..
FIRE STATION
I'LL JUST RING THE BELL AND ASK FOR SOME WATER!
HUH?
FIRE BE..
CLANG! CLANG!
IDIOT! COULDN'T YOU SEE WE WERE OUTSIDE A FIRE STATION?
HEY, YOU!
!?!
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF GETTING US OUT ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE, EH?
P-PLEASE, SIR, WE JUST WANT A DROP OF WATER FOR OUR CAR (GULP!)
SO YOU WANT A DROP OF WATER DO YOU? WELL, YOU CAN HAVE THAT WITH PLEASURE! HO! HO! HO!

ADAPTED FROM ABC TELEVISION'S SERIES "FOO FOO"

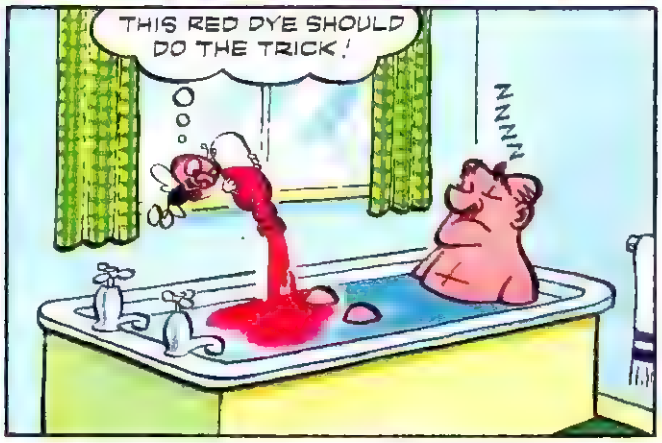
MIGHTY MOTH

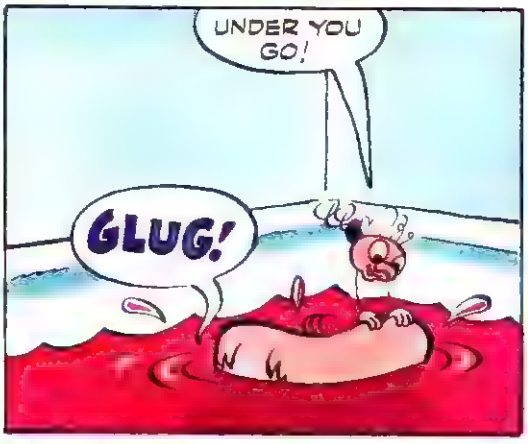

HEE-HEE! I'M FIRST TO THE BATHROOM THIS MORNING!

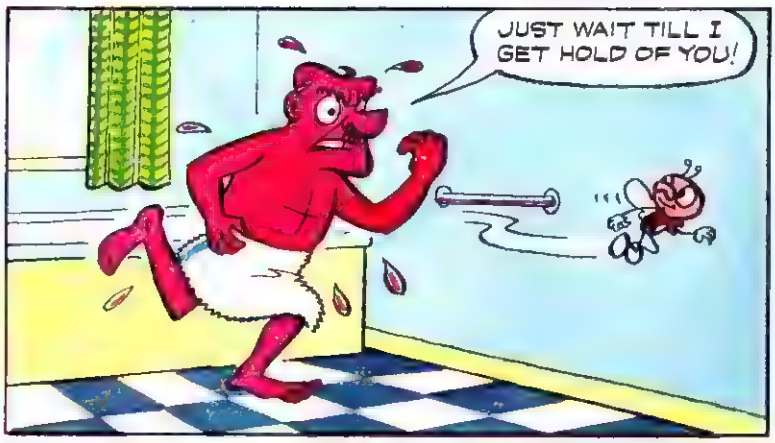

OUT OF MY WAY, PEST— I WANT A BATH!
BOP!

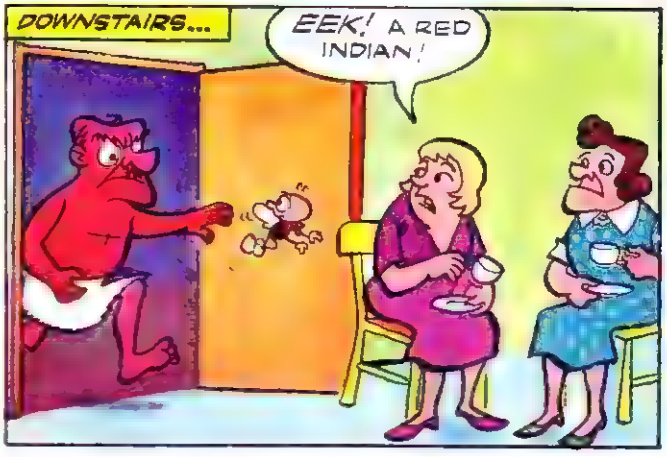
GRR! I'LL GET EVEN WITH HIM!

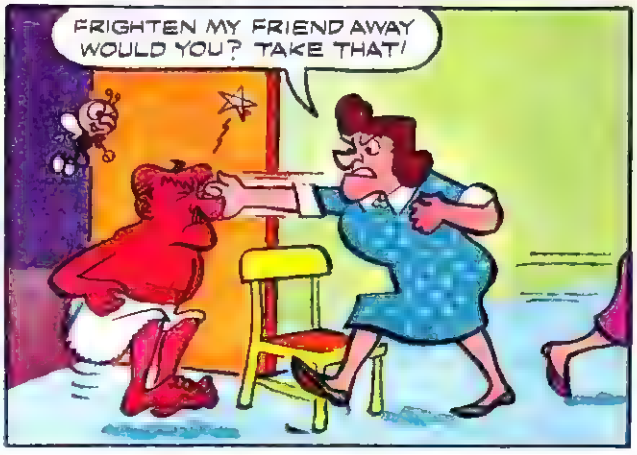
TEN MINUTES LATER...
AH-HA! DAD'S GONE TO SLEEP IN THE BATH. NOW'S MY CHANCE!


THIS RED DYE SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
NNNNN

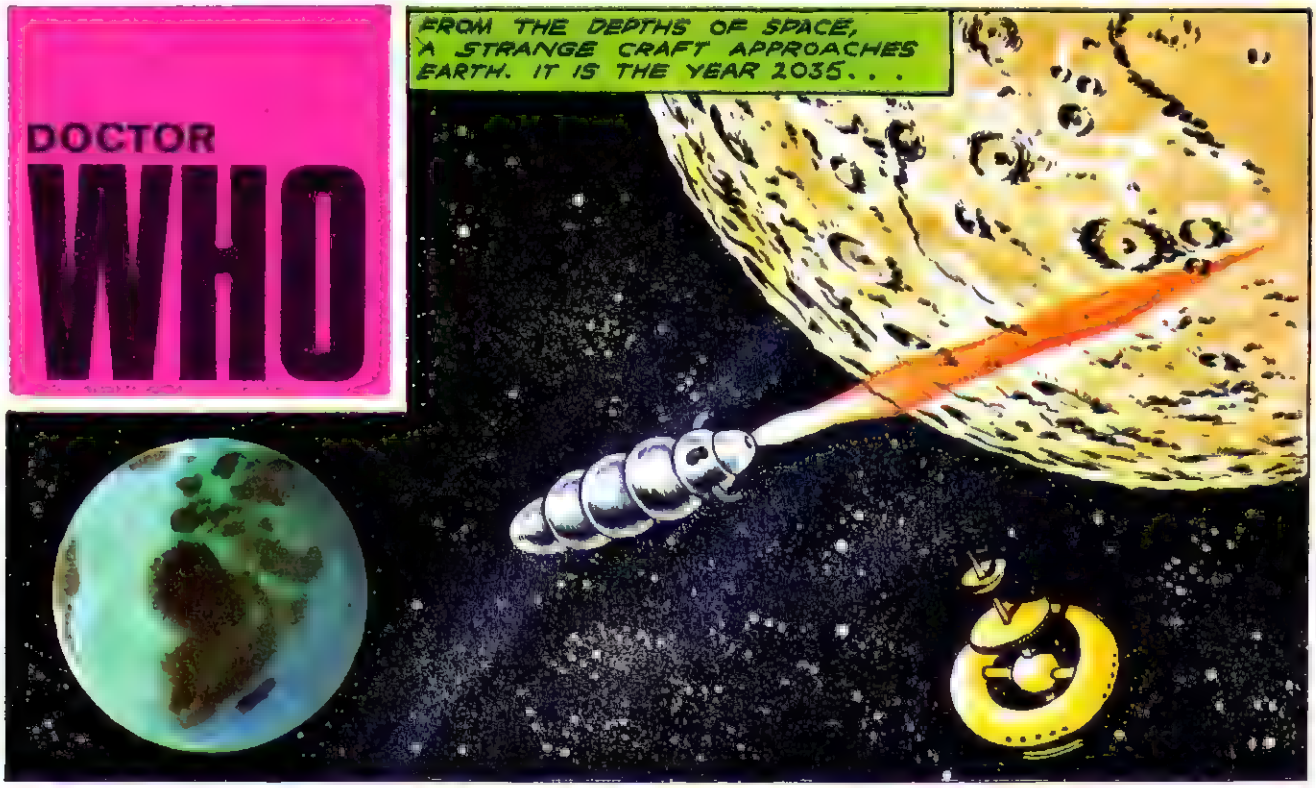

UNDER YOU GO!
GLUG!


JUST WAIT TILL I GET HOLD OF YOU!

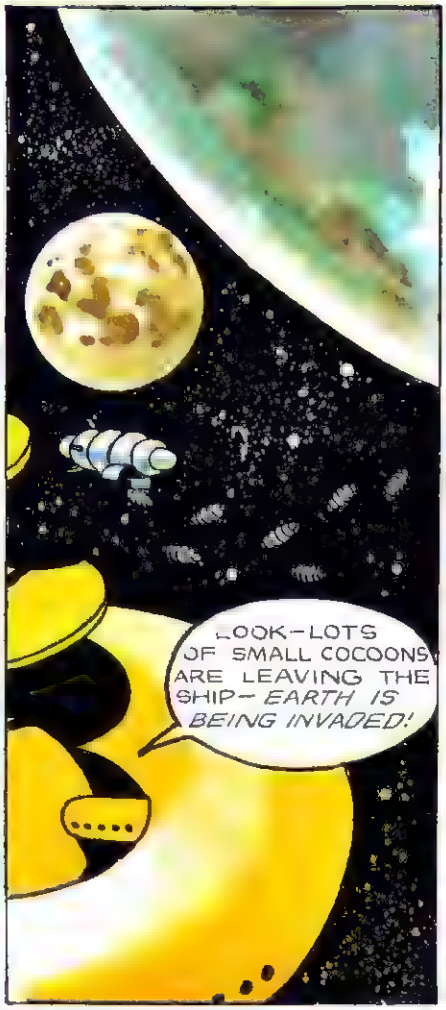

DOWNSTAIRS...
EEK! A RED INDIAN!


FRIGHTEN MY FRIEND AWAY WOULD YOU? TAKE THAT!

DOCTOR WHO



AT AN EARTH SPACE STATION...
WHAT'S THAT ON THE SCREEN? IT LOOKS LIKE A HUGE COCOON, QUICK, LIEUTENANT, SEND OUT A WARNING TO OUR SPACE POLICE...



A SHORT TIME LATER AT A MEETING OF THE WORLD'S TOP SCIENTISTS...
LOOK! STRANGE CREATURES HAVE LANDED OUTSIDE AND THEY'RE FORCING THEIR WAY INTO THE BUILDING!

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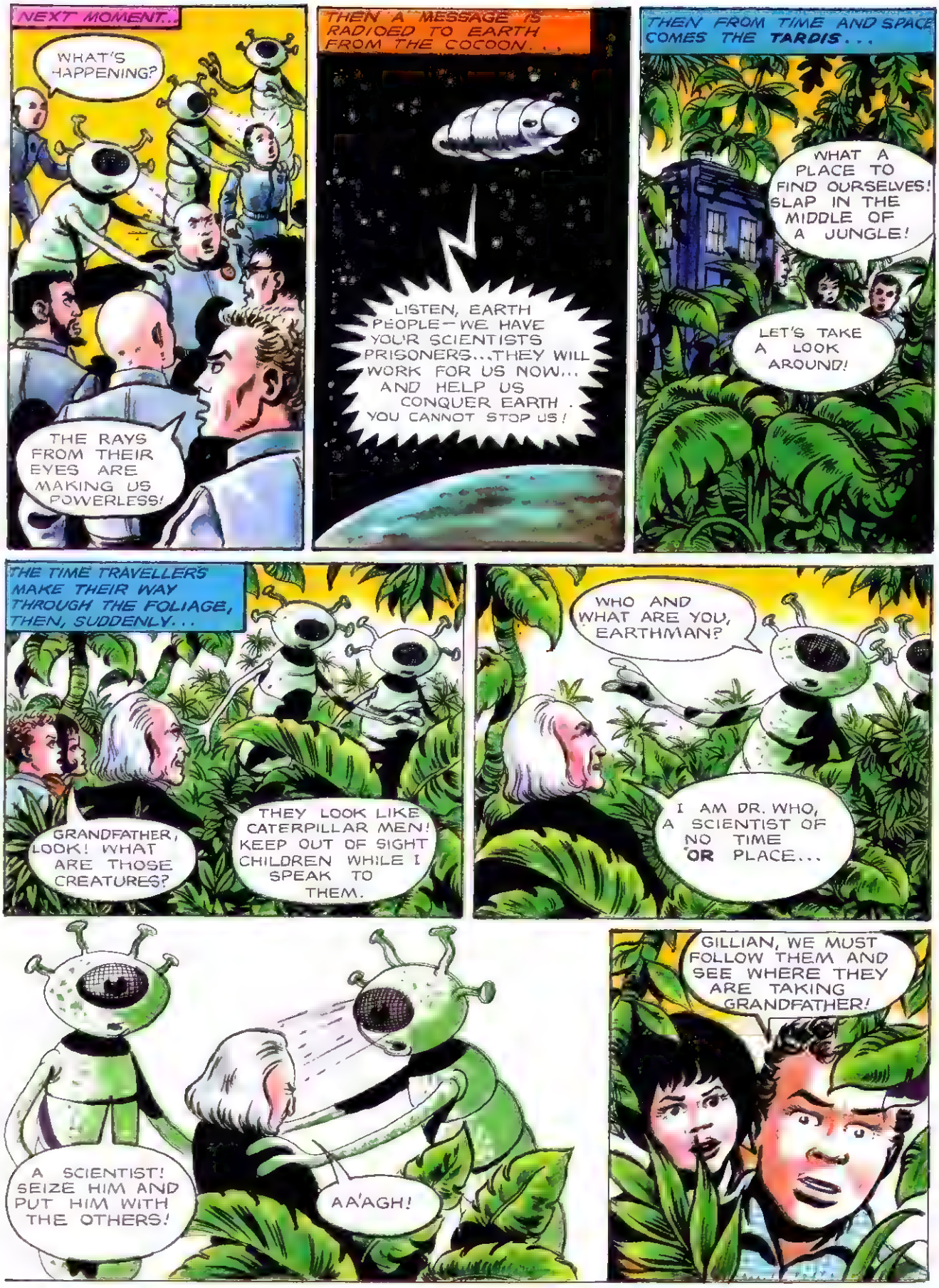
NEXT MOMENT..
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
THE RAYS FROM THEIR EYES ARE MAKING US POWERLESS!
THEN A MESSAGE IS RADIOED TO EARTH FROM THE COCOON...
LISTEN, EARTH PEOPLE—WE HAVE YOUR SCIENTISTS PRISONERS...THEY WILL WORK FOR US NOW... AND HELP US CONQUER EARTH . YOU CANNOT STOP US!
THEN FROM TIME AND SPACE COMES THE TARDIS...
WHAT A PLACE TO FIND OURSELVES! SLAP IN THE MIDDLE OF A JUNGLE!
LET'S TAKE A LOOK AROUND!
THE TIME TRAVELLERS MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE FOLIAGE, THEN, SUDDENLY...
GRANDFATHER, LOOK! WHAT ARE THOSE CREATURES?
THEY LOOK LIKE CATERPILLAR MEN! KEEP OUT OF SIGHT CHILDREN WHILE I SPEAK TO THEM.
WHO AND WHAT ARE YOU, EARTHMAN?
I AM DR. WHO, A SCIENTIST OF NO TIME OR PLACE...
A SCIENTIST! SEIZE HIM AND PUT HIM WITH THE OTHERS!
AA'AGH!
GILLIAN, WE MUST FOLLOW THEM AND SEE WHERE THEY ARE TAKING GRANDFATHER!

FOLLOWING AT A DISTANCE THE CHILDREN SEE THEIR GRANDFATHER TAKEN INTO A STRANGE SILK-LIKE DOME...
SURELY, JOHN, THAT PLACE IS MUCH TOO FRAIL TO HOLD GRANDFATHER PRISONER FOR LONG!
I'M NOT SO SURE, GILLIAN. LET'S SEE WHAT THE DOME IS MADE OF.
AND SO...
THE STRANDS MAY LOOK WEAK, BUT THEY'RE TOUGH AS STEEL CABLES!
THE DOME IS MADE OF THE SAME STUFF AS THE STRANDS... IT'S NOT GOING TO BE EASY TO RESCUE GRANDFATHER!
MEANWHILE, IN THE DOME, DR. WHO IS HAPPILY TALKING TO THE WORLD'S TOP SCIENTISTS...
...SO, GENTLEMEN, WE ARE ALL PRISONERS OF THESE CURIOUS CATERPILLAR MEN... I MUST THINK OF A WAY TO ESCAPE!

SUDDENLY...
JOHN, LOOK, I'VE FOUND A TRACK. IT MAY LEAD SOMEWHERE WHERE WE CAN GET HELP!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
W P C O
LOOK, THERE'S A BUILDING!
THEN...
THIS IS THE WORLD PEST CONTROL OFFICES... WHAT DO YOU CHILDREN WANT AROUND HERE?
PEST CONTROL! ...WHAT LUCK... I THINK YOU CAN HELP US!
OUR GRANDFATHER HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY SOME KIND OF CATERPILLAR MEN... YOU COULD KNOCK THEM OUT WITH YOUR SPRAYS!
AH! I'VE HEARD SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE CREATURES... I'LL HELP YOU AT ONCE... OUR SPRAYS ARE LETHAL TO ALL INSECTS AND HARMLESS TO HUMANS.
WITHIN SECONDS, JOHN AND GILLIAN ARE HELPING TO SPRAY THE AREA WITH THE INSECT SPRAY...
IT'S WORKING... THE CATERPILLAR MEN ARE HELPLESS!
NEVILLE MAIN
LATER, AFTER RECEIVING THE THANKS OF THE FREED SCIENTISTS, JOHN AND GILLIAN LEAVE WITH DR. WHO IN THE TARDIS...
THAT WAS A GOOD IDEA OF YOURS, JOHN... I COULD'NT HAVE DONE BETTER MYSELF... I'M PROUD OF YOU!

FOO FOO and GOGO
by Halas and Batchelor
I'M GOING TO ENTER THAT!
PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION
BIG PRIZE GIVEN FOR THE MOST
ORIGINAL
COLOUR SLIDE
COME AND HELP ME TAKE THE WINNING PICTURE!
SWANKER!
FIRST, A NICE HOLIDAY SHOT OF YOU STANDING WAVING IN THE SEA...
CLICK!
AT THE ZOO..
NOW FOR A BIG CLOSE-UP OF MR. CROCODILE.
CLICK!
OH BOY! A LOW-FLYING JET. I MUST GET ONE OF THAT.
CLICK!
LATER..
WITH THAT SHOT OF THE MOUNTAINS AND THE ONE OF FLYING DUCKS, I NOW HAVE FIVE SLIDES TO ENTER...
AT THE LODGING ROOMS..
THESE SLIDES HAVE JUST BEEN DEVELOPED—YOU CAN BE THE FIRST TO SEE THEM!
JUDGE
BUT THIS SLIDE IS BLANK, SIR!
REALLY SIR! FOUR BLANK SLIDES IN A ROW! IS THIS YOUR IDEA OF A JOKE?
JUDGE
HO, HO! HE'S THE ONE WHO'S BLANK.
PLEASE SIR, TRY THE LAST ONE— THERE MIGHT BE ONE GOOD ONE!
I SHOULD HOPE THERE IS — FOR YOUR SAKE!
GROAN!
MARVELLOUS! IT'S A WINNER! HOW DID YOU DO IT?
I FORGOT TO TURN THE FILM ON!

ADAPTED FROM ABC TELEVISION'S SERIES 'FOO FOO'

POPEYE
DID YOU HEAR THE NEWS? POPEYE IS MOVING!
THAT'S TERRIBLE!
IT'S SILLY! THIS IS A LOVELY HOUSE!
INDEED IT IS! I HAVE FOUND THIS ABODE QUITE SATISFACTORY!
I'VE ALWAYS LIKED VISITING HERE!
IT'S A COSY PLACE AND VERY HANDY FOR LUNCH!
BUT WHY DO YOU WANT TO MOVE?
I HAS FOUND A HOUSE I LIKES BETTER THAN THIS ONE!
DOES IT HAVE A KITCHEN, SIR?
MY NEW HOUSE IS IN JUST THE KIND OF NEIGHBOURHOOD I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO LIVE IN!
IT'S SMASHIN'!
I WOULDN'T CALL "RAILROAD ALLEY" A NICE DISTRICT... NOBODY LIVES THERE!
YA DOESN'T KNOW TRUE CLASS!
IT'S NO PLACE FOR SWEE'PEA TO GROW UP!
PHOOEY! IT IS THE MOST HEALTHIEST PLACE IN TOWN!
COME ON... I WANTS YOU TO SEE IT... IT'S ONLY A SHORT WALK!
YOU GET THE BEST VIEW OF MY NEW HOUSE FROM THE TOP OF THIS HILL!
THERE! AIN'T THAT A PRETTY SETTIN' FOR A HOME?
SPINACH FACTORY
SPINACH WAREHOUSE

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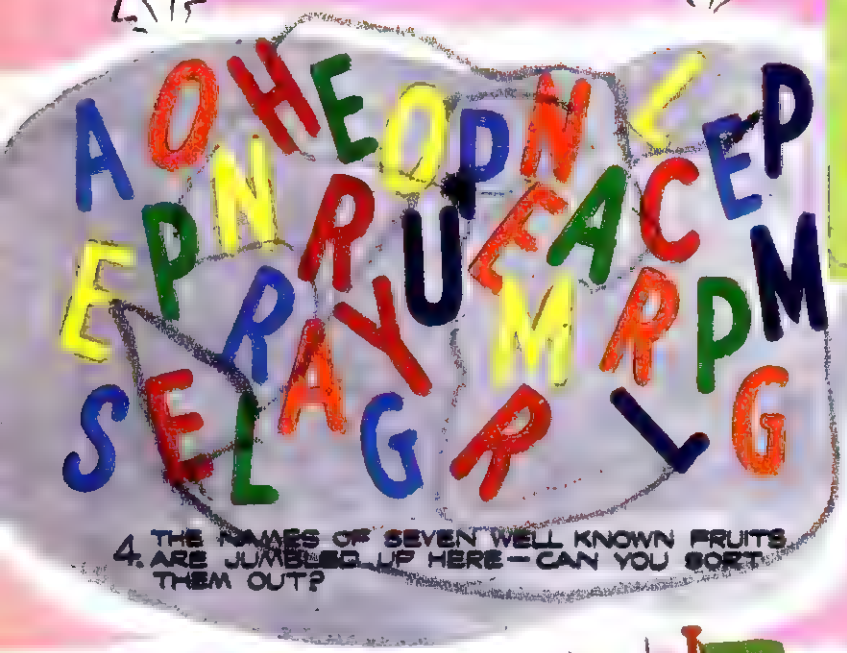
TV TERRORS teasers

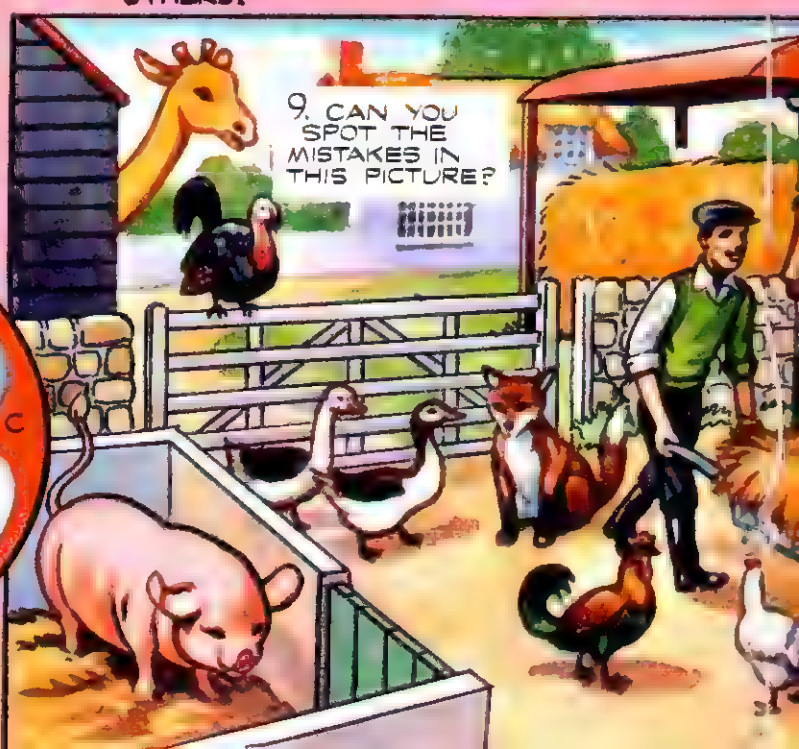
1. FIVE PEOPLE AND FIVE OBJECTS. WHICH USES WHICH?



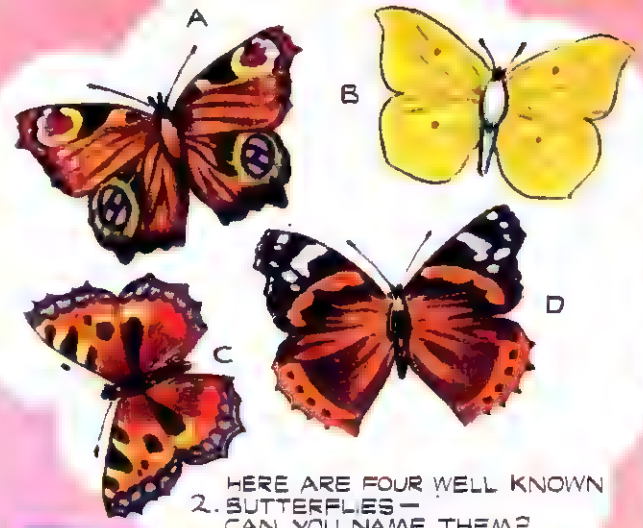
4. THE NAMES OF SEVEN WELL KNOWN FRUITS ARE JUMBLED UP HERE — CAN YOU SORT THEM OUT?

5. ONLY ONE OF THESE FLAGS IS CORRECT. CAN YOU SAY WHICH? AND WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE OTHERS?

8. NAME THESE WELL KNOWN BIRDS, AND THEN SAY WHICH ARE THEIR EGGS?

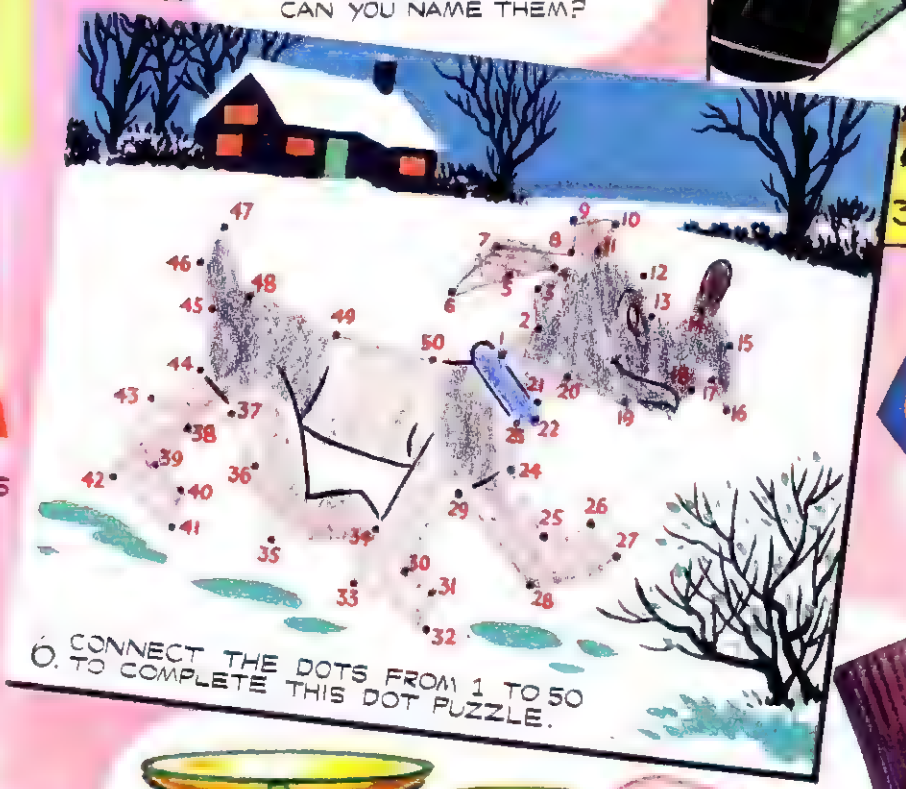


9. CAN YOU SPOT THE MISTAKES IN THIS PICTURE?



2. HERE ARE FOUR WELL KNOWN BUTTERFLIES — CAN YOU NAME THEM?

3. THERE ARE SOME THINGS HERE WHICH YOU WOULD NOT EXPECT TO FIND IN A GREENGROCERS. HOW MANY CAN YOU FIND?



6. CONNECT THE DOTS FROM 1 TO 50 TO COMPLETE THIS DOT PUZZLE.

7. HOW MANY WORDS CAN YOU MAKE FROM THE LETTERS ON THESE BRICKS?

10. WHY ARE ALL THESE OBJECTS EXCEPT ONE ALIKE IN A SPECIAL WAY AND WHICH IS THE ODD ONE?

ANSWERS

NO.1:- 1-D. 2-E. 3-C. 4-B. 5-A.

NO.2:- A-PEACOCK. B-BRIMSTONE. C-TORTOISESHELL. D-RED ADMIRAL.

NO.3:- THERE ARE EIGHT:- FOOTBALL. CRICKET BAT. JOINT OF MEAT. LOAF TEDDY BEAR. FISH. SLIPPERS. SWISS ROLLS.

NO.4:- GRAPES. PLUM, CHERRY. ORANGE. APPLE AND LEMON WHICH REARRANGED MAKES MELON.

NO.5:- FRENCH AND BELGIAN FLAGS WRONG WAY ROUND. UNION JACK AND NETHERLANDS UPSIDE DOWN.

NO.6:- SPOT.

NO.7:- GATE. GALE. GRATE. GOAL. LEG. LARGE. LATE. LOG. LAG. LIT. TAR. TAG. TAIL. OAT. TOE. TRAIL. HOW MANY MORE CAN YOU FIND?

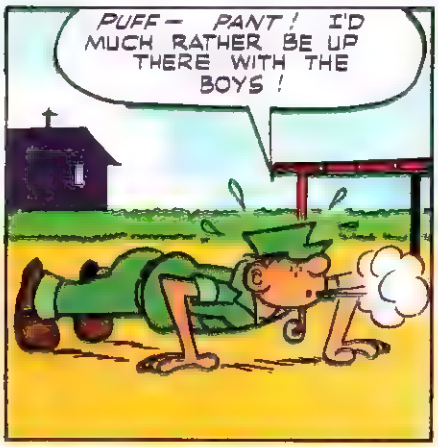
NO.8:- SONG THRUSH-D. KINGFISHER-E. STARLING-C. PHEASANT-A. BLUE-TIT-B.

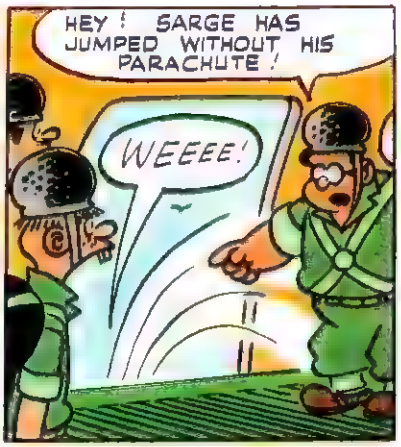
NO.9:- MISTAKES INCLUDE:- GIRAFFE HAS NO MARKINGS. TURKEY WRONG TAIL. PIG EARS AND TAIL WRONG SUPPORTS ON DUTCH BARN. WHEELBARROW HAS NO LEGS OR SPOKES. GATE IS NOT SUPPORTED. COCKEREL AND HEN HAVE WRONG SHAPED TAILS AND MAN HAS ODD SLEEVES.

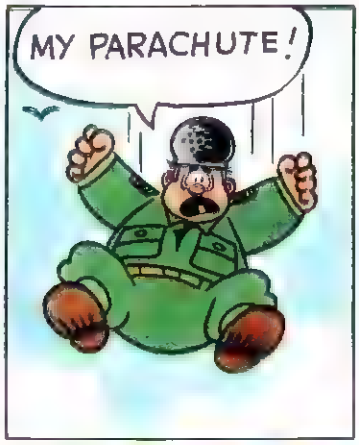
NO.10:- THEY ALL START WITH 'S' EXCEPT CUP.

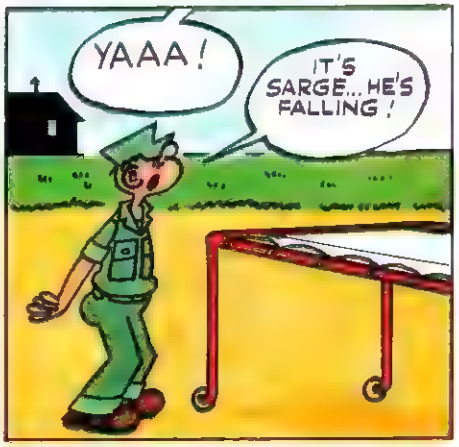
BEETLE BAILEY

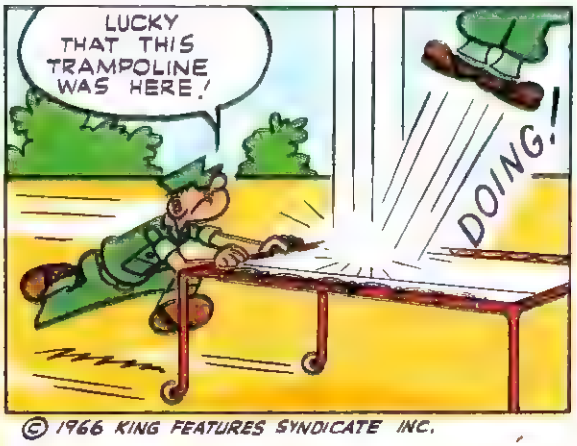
I'M ALL READY FOR THE PARACHUTE JUMP, SARGE!
YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE SOME WEIGHT OFF BEFORE YOU CAN JUMP... YOU'VE EATEN TOO MANY CHOCOLATES... WHILE WE'RE UP, YOU CAN DO SOME EXERSISES!

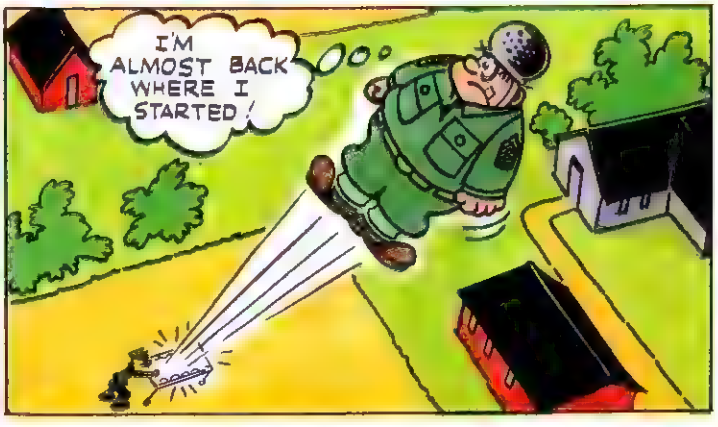












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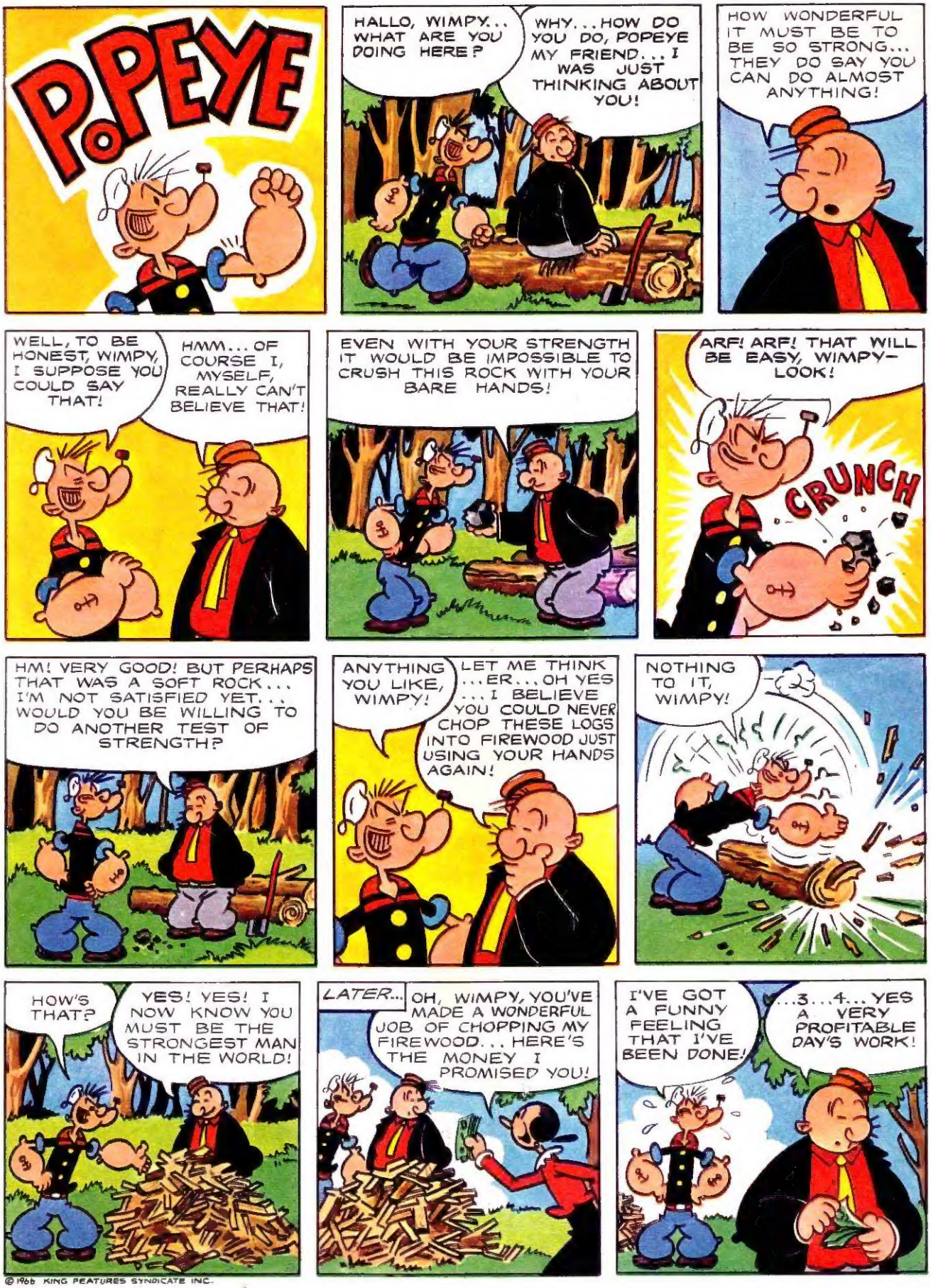
HERE HE COMES AGAIN!
DOING!
DOING
AH! I'M GETTING NEARER THE GROUND NOW... KEEP IT UP, BAILEY!
EXHAUSTION!
SORRY, SARGE... I COULDN'T QUITE MAKE IT!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BAILEY... YOU BROKE THE WORST OF MY FALL!
ALL THAT RUNNING ABOUT HAS GOT YOUR WEIGHT DOWN... SO YOU CAN JUMP NOW!
LATER...
EVER HAD A FEELING YOU'VE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING?
YES... HERE IT IS, BAILEY.. YOU FORGOT YOUR CHOCOLATE!

Pick of the Jokes

I CAN'T THINK WHY YOUR LITTLE DOG IS MAKING SUCH A FUSS OF ME MRS. ROE.
PERHAPS IT'S BECAUSE YOU ARE EATING OFF HIS PLATE, COLONEL!


POPEYE
HALLO, WIMPY... WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WHY...HOW DO YOU DO, POPEYE MY FRIEND... I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT YOU!
HOW WONDERFUL IT MUST BE TO BE SO STRONG... THEY DO SAY YOU CAN DO ALMOST ANYTHING!
WELL, TO BE HONEST, WIMPY, I SUPPOSE YOU COULD SAY THAT!
HMM... OF COURSE I, MYSELF, REALLY CAN'T BELIEVE THAT!
EVEN WITH YOUR STRENGTH IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO CRUSH THIS ROCK WITH YOUR BARE HANDS!
ARF! ARF! THAT WILL BE EASY, WIMPY— LOOK!
CRUNCH
HM! VERY GOOD! BUT PERHAPS THAT WAS A SOFT ROCK... I'M NOT SATISFIED YET... WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO DO ANOTHER TEST OF STRENGTH?
ANYTHING YOU LIKE, WIMPY!
LET ME THINK ...ER... OH YES ... I BELIEVE YOU COULD NEVER CHOP THESE LOGS INTO FIREWOOD JUST USING YOUR HANDS AGAIN!
NOTHING TO IT, WIMPY!
HOW'S THAT?
YES! YES! I NOW KNOW YOU MUST BE THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD!
LATER...
OH, WIMPY, YOU'VE MADE A WONDERFUL JOB OF CHOPPING MY FIREWOOD... HERE'S THE MONEY I PROMISED YOU!
I'VE GOT A FUNNY FEELING THAT I'VE BEEN DONE!
...3...4... YES A VERY PROFITABLE DAY'S WORK!

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MOTOR RALLY GAME

This exciting rally game can be played by 2 or more people. All you need is a dice for scoring and small counters. The first player to throw six can begin . . . the first player to finish is the winner.